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MISHAWAKA HIGH SCHOOL

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The Class of 1916

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TO MARY D. WELCH

who has done so much to make this High School a success, we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen, respectfully dedicate our book.

MR. NUNER

This page is most respectfully set apart for Mr. J. F. Nuner, Superintendent of the Mishawaka Public Schools. When we think of all that he has done for them, we come to the conclusion that we have done right. Mishawaka has one of the finest schools in Indiana, for which we thank Mr. Nuner. We, the students of the High School, especially have reason to thank him; he is always ready to help us and to give us advice on troubling matters. When the School Board, nearly twelve years ago was looking for a guide and master of the City schools, they looked in the right direction when they found Mr. Nuner.

Editorial

AT LAST our work is completed. Many times during the past few months when the blue sky has been overcast and the path has been steep and difficult, we have been ready to turn back, but always some bit of encouragement has been given, to put new life into our endeavors and to enable us to continue to the finish.

We put out the book this year that we might have a chronicle of the daily doings of good old M. H. S., and if it accomplishes this purpose we feel that our efforts have been crowned with the greatest success possible.

This year has been a banner one in M. H. S. Many new projects have been tried, which have proven successful beyond our original hopes for them. To keep up with the progressive spirit of the school we have tried to put out a better book than has been brought forth before. We hope that in the future each class will be able to put out a more perfect book. We have done our best. Now, we ask your lenient judgment of our efforts.

Miskodeed Staff

D. J. GRAHAM, Editor-in-Chief.

D. J. has put his mind on most strenuous work during the past few weeks—also his feet. It is not an unusual sight to see his coat-tail disappear around some corner of the halls at any hour during the day; nevertheless, you see the results of his labor.

DEMA LEOPOLD, Assistant Editor-in-Chief.

Dema has proved she has authority even over our Editor-in-Chief. On one occasion she wanted a staff meeting. D. J. "No." Dema said "Yes." Well—we had one. Aside from this, they have worked patiently and harmoniously together.

LOGAN WOODWARD, Business Manager.

When you saw D. J. racing 'round the halls you usually saw Logan with him. They were a great help to each other.

MYRTLE CLARK, Literary Editor.

From the way Myrtle has skipped classes and disturbed the assembly room getting up her work, she should really turn out some very good results. But decide that for yourself.

LUCILLE BURKHART, Art Editor.

Lucille may have been found at any period during school hours drawing patiently a baseball man, a Freshie boy or the like.

EMMIE SCHMIDT, Joke Editor.

Emmie is small but the way she flew around gathering up jokes—O, my!

DOROTHY MIX, Social Editor.

Dorothy didn't find it necessary to make the fuss about her work that some of her companions did, but see for yourself her results are without fault.

JOSEPHINE AHARA, Dramatic Editor.

At each meeting Josephine dramatically informed the staff that it was impossible to do this—impossible to do that—and so on, but she was a wonderful help to our meetings.

CHARLES GOETHALS, Advertising Manager.

If you happened to pass the business district lately, you without doubt, have seen Charles appearing and disappearing in and out the Mishawaka stores.

LOIS GARVIN, Music Editor.

So quietly has Lois gone about her work that it is impossible to say that she disturbed any one.

HARDY STEBBINS, Athletic Editor.

He didn't say much at our staff meetings, but we all knew that his material was in, for he didn't find it neeessary to chase madly about the halls the last few days to get it ready for press.

LILLIE FULLER, Alumni Editor.

Lillie had no trouble with her work. Would that more could say the same!

GEORGE EBERHART, Calendar.

He has proved that his intellect over-reaches his size.

FREDA BASH, Senior Editor.

Freda had her material ready for press long before the others had begun theirs.

WILBUR GARTNER, Sophomore Editor.

We haven't seen much of Wilbur, but he can be depended on.

LOWELL FRYE, Freshman Editor.

He attended every staff meeting; his eyes were wide open; likewise his ears. He'll be a man worth knowing by the time he is a Senior.

WILBUR GARTNER
MYRTLE CLARY
LOIS GARVIN
EMMA SCHMITT
JOSEPHINE AHARA
DOROTHY FOX
GEORGE EBERHART
PRIEPA BAST

Miskodeed

In the town of Mishawaka, on the old St. Joseph river,
Lived a maiden,—such a maiden!
With the black eyes of an angel,
Black her eyes, and straight her hair was,
And her form, 'twas most divine,
Do you ask us what her name was?
Miskodeed, of northern clime.

Miskodeed for sixteen summers
Lived here then, but now a change,
For sweet Miskodeed has vanished
And has left us but her name.
Miskodeed, the first spring blossom,
Miskodeed, (so means the name)
Thou hast given us inspiration
For in early Spring you came.

FACULTY

MR. HORTON

Mr. Horton, our Principal, is a graduate of Indiana University. He has charge of the Mathematics and Public Speaking Departments. Every one woke up when he took charge of the school, and especially in athletics has his energy appeared. His interest and enthusiasm in all school activities have made him well liked.

MISS WELCH

Miss Welch has done a great deal in making the Mishawaka High School the advanced school that it is. In the years she has been with us she has won the heart of every pupil by her love and kindness.

MR. MILLER

Mr. Miller is the head of the Commercial Department and is a very busy man. He is famous for demanding absolute silence and attention in his classes which doesn't make him any less liked among his pupils. His head is chuck full of stories and past experiences, so he is very interesting.

MISS TURNER

Miss Turner is our beloved History teacher. She comes from Indiana and has certainly proven her worth to our school. We could not do without her.

MISS HOWE

Miss Howe is in the English Department. Before coming to Mishawaka she graduated from Indiana University. She has been with us since September, 1913, and has many friends, including many naughty little Freshies.

MR. DAVIS

Mr. Davis, our new Science teacher, has only been with us since January. It has been said that he is very shy among the other sex—with the exception of a little lady from Elwood, his home town.

MISS KERN

What the school would do without Miss Kern is doubtful to say. She is loved by all her pupils. Even when she is cross and there is reproof upon her lips, there is a smile in her eye. She teaches Botany, Physiology, Hygiene and "Circus."

MISS HOCKETT

She is small—but O, my! She can hold the attention of her pupils without trouble. Since Miss Hockett came to Mishawaka in 1912, to take charge of the English Department, she has given ample proof that we could not do without her for various reasons—dramatics, for instance.

MISS LOCKHART

Miss Lockhart is the supervisor of Art in our school and has become a great friend to all her pupils. Miss Lockhart hails from Kalamazoo. She graduated from Kalamazoo High School, also from the Western State Normal.

MR. PINNEY

Mr. Pinney is the head of our Printing Department. He joined the ranks of the Faculty in September, 1914. He is a graduate of Purdue. We did not realize how much we needed a Printing Department until Mr. Pinney proved it to us.

MISS TERRY

Whatever could we do without Miss Terry? If a pupil has musical talent, she can bring out the music. If the pupil has none in him he will have, after being under her supervision.

MISS SIMPSON

We are all proud of Miss Simpson. Her interest and willingness to assist in all school social affairs have made her indispensible to us.

MISS GERNHART

Though Miss Gernhart has only been with us since February, her genial and kind disposition has won her many friends among the students of her sewing department.

MR. HINDELANG

Mr. Hindelang is our Manual Training teacher and Athletic coach, but the last three months he has taken an unusual interest in Art and everything pertaining to the subject.

MISS TODD

Violet was graduated from M. H. S. in 1914 and was given charge of the school library. She is a jolly person and one we would miss if she were to leave. In the library she is perfectly able to keep order even though she is not very big.

The Shadow of the Principal

IT WAS a dark, rainy day and I chanced to run to the living room, banging the door loudly. My sister, already there and reading, greeted me with "Sh! Listen!"

Seeing the interested expression on her face I hushed immediately.

She read alond the poem, "Our Shadow-Selves," a part of which is:

"This learned I from the shadow of a tree,
That to and fro did sway upon a wall,
Our shadow-selves—our influences—may fall
Where we can never be."

"Isn't it so? she asked, "Our influences go out on every hand to everyone and they are our shadow-selves."

"You notice," she continued, "you'll find as many shadow-selves as real people."

I left the room and walking down the street came suddenly upon one of the girls. She turned to walk with me and we fell to talking of the luncheon to be given Wednesday.

"And the sandwiches!" I exclaimed, "you have to make those, don't you?"

"Yeah," she answered, "but I must be careful. Miss Simpson said I had too much 'dope' in mine before."

I started, for the way she had said "yeah" and the use of the word "dope" reminded me of someone's else use of those two words.

"O!" she continued, "Wouldn't it be a fine thing if we could get them ready to—."

I struggled to keep back a smile, then I rudely laughed, but I think I have found, in so far as speech is concerned, the shadow of the principal.

Lois Garvin, '16.

The Faculty

The things that give us highest thought.
They must be learned—they can't be bought;
And that is why in M. H. S.
We have a faculty, I guess.

To everything the students do,
They somehow seem to find a clue,
And tho we think we've bluffed them quite,
We soon find out they knew allright!

And when from class we're sometimes sent,
And we get docked a three per cent,
We always say that they're to blame,
When really we have caused the flame.

And yet when all is said and done,
There isn't any, no not one
That we would want to do without,
Or hear distressing news about.

SENIORS

Senior Class

OFFICERS

President,	Chester Bussert
Vice-President,	Laura Dundon
Secretary,	Ruth Sutherland
Treasurer,	Fred Seifert
Class Motto,	Esse Quam Videre
Class Flower,	Yellow Rose

A SIGH, perhaps even a tear and we have bid farewell to dear old M. H. S.: not without regret and not without the satisfaction of having gotten a great deal and also having given something. Here we have spent many of the happiest days of our life, and here we have received the firm foundation for later work.

We are proud that we are the first class to have spent four whole years in the new building. The days when we were "Freshies" and "Sophs" under the worthy leadership of Miss Welch, will never be forgotten.

We have enjoyed watching our school grow, and the addition of a printing press and a moving picture machine, which marks our school as one of the most progressive in the state, enables us to leave with a sigh of relief and satisfaction.

We feel, that, although we are not any better or brighter than any other class in the wide world, we have given the school a few things to be proud of, and have worthily done our part toward making M. H. S. what it is today.

In 1913 Helen Donovan, one of our members, won a gold medal for letter writing in the Lake Forest Contest. Her letter was so perfect that it is now being studied in many schools. In 1914 Freda Bash won a silver medal for oral speaking in the Lake Forest Contest. In the same year Garfield Lovell won a silver medal for an oration in the Northern Indiana Contest.

Our boys have played a large part in making the Athletics of the school so successful; eight of the boys who have won "M's" for athletic honors belong to the class of '15. In '14 we won the Interclass Soccer pennant, a victory of no little importance.

We are glad that we were the revivers of the "Miskodeed," and we hope that the following classes will follow our example, and put out an Annual.

And now, as we are leaving our school, classmates, and teachers, we wish we could express what they have meant to us, what an inspiration they have been in our lives. Our later lives, however, will show more plainly than any words can tell the lessons we have learned in M. H. S. It is our sincerest hope that we have not alone been the gainers, but that we have also contributed that which will make our school a bigger, better, and higher institution of learning.

CHESTER BUSSERT. "Buzz"

Phil. Class Pres. '15. Pres. Gym Assoc'n. Bus. Mgr. Socks and Buskins '15. Student Mgr. Big "M" Circus '15. Senior play '15. Editor-in-chief Miskodeed '14. Basket Ball '13-'14, (Capt.) '14-'15. Base Ball (Mgr.) '15. Track '14, '15. "His virtue, wit, and worth are warrant for his welcome."

LAURA DUNDON.

Adel. Class Vice-Pres. '15. Adel. Vice-Pres. '15. Literary Editor, Miskodeed '14. "Thou hast a mind to suit with this, thy fair and outward character."

RUTH SUTHERLAND.

Adel. Class Sec. '15. Adel. Vice-Pres. '14. Girls' Basket Ball Captain '12, 13. "The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed."

FRED SEIFERT. "Cy"

Phil. Class Treas. '15. Pres. Athletic Assoc'n '15. Sec. Gym Assoc'n '14, '15. Athletic Editor '15. Student Mgr. Soccer '14, '15. Athletic Mgr. Miskodeed '14. Basket Ball '13-'14. (Mgr.) '14-'15. Capt. Base Ball '13, '14, '15. "The Star with the Basket Ball—methinks, with the maidens two."

FREDA BASH.

Phil. Sec. Phil. '15. Senior play '15. Senior Editor Staff '15. Oratorical contest '14. Socks and Buskins '15. "Gentle in manner, firm in reality."

DEMPSTER BEATTY. "Demp"

Phil. Socks and Buskins '15. Track '13, '14. "My faith, that man can rave!"

ROSALIE BAUERT.

Adel. "Business in her business."

JOHN BRANSTRATOR. "Bran"

Phil. Basket Ball '14, 15. Base Ball '14, '15. Track '13. "His smile is one mile and one furlong, a guaranteed twenty inch gauge."

CLARA BROWN.

Phil. Class Sec. '14.

"Wise enough, but never frigid,
Gay, but not too lightly free."

GEORGE BYRKIT. "Burky"

Adel. Pres. Social Club '14, '15. Sergeant-at-Arms, Adel. '15. Class Pres. '12. "He leads a struggling, bustling life."

JAMES R. COOK. "Cooky"

Phil. "Quick to laugh, and quick to anger,
But always ready for an argument."

IVAN CRULL. "Dan"

Phil. "Naught o' work spake he more than was need."

HAROLD EASTERDAY. "Bob"

Phil. Bus. Mgr. Senior play '15. Senior Editor Expositor '15. Pres. Phil. Society '15. Socks and Buskins '13. Class Pres. '13. Base Ball '14, '15. Track '13, '15. "A merrier man, within the limits of becoming mirth, I never spent an hour's talk withal."

SYLVIA FOLKER. "Shib"

Adel. Sec. Social Club '14, '15. Socks-and-Buskins '15. "It is, as it were, born in maidens that they should wish to please everything that has eyes."

FLOYD FULMER.

Adel. Senior play '14, '15. "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber."

FLOYD HAMBRIGHT. "Hammie"

Phil. "Ripe in wisdom is he."

FRIEDA HEINER.

Phil. "She always does everything as it should be done."

ROY KOHLER.

Phil. "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

HELEN LANG. "Pudgy"

Phil. Editor-in-chief Expositor '15. Sec. Athletic Assoc'n '15. Socks-and-Buskins '15. Class Vice-Pres. '14. Class Sec. '14. "Bless thee, Virgil, bless thee, thou art translated."

LESTER LOTT. "Let"

Adel. Sec. and Treas. Socks-and-Buskins '15. Bus. Mgr. Expositor '15. Senior play '15. Track '15. "No wher so bisy a man as he there was, and yet he seemed bisier than he was."

GARFIELD LOVELL.

Pres. Adel '15. Pres. Socks and Buskins '15. Oratorical contest '15. Senior Play '15. Basket Ball '14, '15. "When he speaks, the air a chartered libertine, is still."

HENRIETTE LOOTENS. "Henry"

Vice-Pres. Phil. '15. Senior Play '15. "Such perfect taste was never known before."

LYNDELL MARTLING. "Lindy"

Phil. Senior Play '15. Orchestra pianist '15. Joke Editor Miskodeed '14. Class Sec. '12. "The most manifest sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness."

ETHEL MESSLER.

Phil. "If ever she knew an evil thought,
She spoke no evil word."

WILLIAM MIDDLETON.

Adel. Pres. M. H. S. Civics League '15. "He goes on his course calmly."

EULALIE MILLER.

Phil. "And it will discourse most eloquent music."

ROY NEIKARD.

Phil. "A hard character; he studies."

HARRY PELTON.

Phil. "No talent, but yet a character."

DOROTHY NOYES. "Dot"

Adel. Vice-Pres. Socks and Buskins '15. Sec. M. H. S. Civics League '15. Senior Play '15. Sec. Social Club '14. Alumni Editor Miskodeed '14. "Life is so short and insecure that I would not hurry away from any pleasure."

ALISLE ROCKHOFF.

Phil. "Why aren't they all contented like me."

MARY ROBINSON.

Joke Editor Expositor '15. Socks and Buskins '15. "Her friendship is constant."

HELEN SERVICE.

Phil. Socks and Buskins. "Her air, her manners, all who saw admired."

FLORENCE SYTZ. "Fliss"

Phil. Girls' Basket Ball Capt. '14, '15. Class Treas. '14. Social Editor Miskodeed '14. "The human race is a monotonous thing; me for the little bugs."

ELBRIDGE STUDLEY. "Studley"

Adel. Circulating Mgr. Expositor '15. Bus. Mgr. Circus '14, '15. Class Pres. '14. Bus. Mgr. Miskodeed '14. Socks and Buskins '15. Basket Ball '13-14. '14-'15. Baseball '14. Track '13, '14, '15. "He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar and give direction."

LEW WALLACE.

Senior Play '15. Pres. Art Club '15. Yell Master '14-'15. Socks and Buskins '15. Impersonator. "The ladies call him sweet."

FRANCES WARNER.

Phil. "Her path is lighted by a smile.

A Prophecy of the Senior Class

If prophecies should come to pass,
This is what will become of the Senior Class:
Chet Bussert a man of great renown,
Will be the mayor of Middlesex town.
Harry Pelton' tis said will be
A man of Wireless Telegraphy.
Alisle Rockoff a slight of hand performer,
Frieda Bash a man reformer.
Frieda Heiner a red-cross nurse;
And Crull the driver of a hearse.
Lester Lott a bowler great;
Dorothy Noyes will roller skate.
Bill Middleton an English teacher
And Garfield Lovell a man for the bleacher.
Helen Lang to college will go
And Henriette Lootens is going to sew.
Floyd a teacher in fancy dancing,
Over the floor he'll go a prancing.
Rosalie Bauert I think in time
Will lead a quiet life sublime.
Dempster Beatty a painter everyone sees,
Floyd Fulmer a gardener planting trees.
John Branstrator so lank and tall
Will succeed as he did in basket ball.
Byrkit I think will try to fly
And with Josephine explore the sky.
A jolly fellow I'm sure you'll say
Is a boy they call Bob Easterday.
James and Beatrice Treadway may see
Life on the farm in the country.
No one can tell just by a look,
For Sylvia Folker might be a cook.
Ruth Sutherland, Lyndell and Florence Sytz
Will be circus performers in silken tights.
If Studley ever a car can drive
I'm sure that he with the Langs will thrive.
If a burglar were just around the corner
Now do you think 't would be Frances Warner
Say don't it sure get you nervous
When Louis Lang yells "Give me Service."
There's one more boy who has a part
And his name is Roy Neikard.
The girls that are going to stay in town
Are Mary, Eulalie and Clara Brown.

JUNIORS
19
16

Junior Class

OFFICERS

James Sweitzer, - - - - - President
Dema Leopold, - - - - Vice-President
Elsie Mumby, - - - - - Secretary
Logan Emerson, - - - - - Treasurer

Colors: - - Scarlet and White
Flower: - - - White Rose

We, the largest class that has ever entered M. H. S., can boast not only of quantity but (without a bit of conceit when we say it) of quality. Of course it isn't necessary to publish the fact for everyone who has come in contact with us has come to realize it—but if by chance you are a stranger in these parts, just look over our book and see for yourself an example of what we can do.

Our class has no motto, but we have adopted "Always Original." We were even an original looking bunch when we first timidly put our feet on the door-step of M. H. S. at the beginning of our High School career.

The first year we were here, we made ourselves known in all school activities —both athletic and social.

The class of '16 has been represented on all the school teams—on oratorical as well as basket ball and base ball, throughout its career.

We are proud that we can say that we belong to good old M. H. S. and through our interest and spirit towards the school we have, and will try to prove our worth to the Maroon and White.

JAMES SWEITZER. "Jim"

Phil. Class Pres. '15. Socks-and-Buskins '15. Track '14. "Silence is golden; if I have nothing to say, I say nothing."

DEMA LEAPOLD. "Limy"

Adel. Class Vice-Pres. '15. Departmental Editor Expositor '15. Socks-and-Buskins '15. Assistant Editor-in-chief Miskodeed '15. Vice-Pres Social Club '15. "This lady fair in wit abounds,
And all her friends with mirth confounds."

ELSIE MUMBY.

Phil. Class Sec. '15. "She's a bonny, bonny lassie."

LOGAN EMERSON.

Phil. Class Treas '15. "Wanted—an opportunity to tell all I know and enlighten this dark old world."

JOSEPHINE AHARA. "Jo"

Adel. Socks-and-Buskins '15. Dramatic Editor Miskodeed '15. Class Sec. '14. "Nature made her fair."

RUTH BATTLES.

Phil. "I think as I wish, and speak as I think."

DONALD BOLINGER.

Phil. Junior Vice-Pres. Gym Assoc'n '14, '15. "Nothing to do till tomorrow."

MERLIN BERBERICK. "Merly"

Phil. "A sturdy youth."

LUCILLE BURKHART.

Adel. Art Club '15. Art Editor Miskodeed '15. "She's an artist through and through."

JACK L. BURNETT.

Phil. Vice-Pres. Athletic Assoc'n '15. Basket Ball '14, '15. "I am very little inclined on any occasion to say anything unless I hope to prodnce some good by it."

HILDA BEHSE.

Adel. "I care for nobody, no not I, if no one cares for me."

MILO BOLES. "Mike"

Adel. "He does indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.'

MARIE BUCKEL.

Phil. Art Club '15. "I chatter, chatter as I go."

MYRTLE CLARK. "Mutty"

Adel. Social Chairman Art Club '15. Literary Editor Miskodeed '15. "I am so confused by this as if a mill-wheel were turning 'round in my head."

ALVA CLOUS.

Phil. "Her ways are ways of winsomeness."

HELEN DISTLER.

Adel. Art Club '15. "Nothing but death shall part me from my dignity."

GEORGE EBERHART.

Adel. Social Editor Expositor '15. Calendar Editor Miskodeed '15. "E'en tho' vanquished, he could argue still."

LAURA ENGERS.

Adel. "Care free and happy."
Adel. "A pleasing countenance is no slight advantage."

LILLIE FULLER.

Adel. Ahmmi Editor Miskodeed '15. "Her voice is soft and low."

D. J. GRAHAM. "Dee"

Phil. Editor-in-chief Miskodeed '15. Socks-and-Buskins. Class Treas. '14. Track, '13, '14, '15.

"All great men are dead or dying;
In fact I don't feel well myself."

CHARLES GOETHALS.

Adel. Advertising Mgr. Miskodeed '15. "The one who talks the least, may be the one who thinks the best."

LOIS GARVIN.

Phil. Music Editor Miskodeed '15. "She's not forward but modest as the dove."

WELCOME HUNT.

Adel. "A careless song with a little nonsense in 't, now and then, does not mis-become a monarch."

RUSSELL JAQUA.

Phil. "I'm sure cares an enemy to life."

PEARL JORDAN.

Phil. "A mind content, a conscience clear."

SYLVIA LEE.

Phil. "On studies most her mind was bent."

IRWIN LINSENMIER.

Phil. Base Ball '14, '15. "I always say just what I think and nothing more nor less."

ELEANOR MECKELNBERG.

Phil. "How weak are words to express my thoughts."

DOROTHY MIX. "Dot"

Phil. Social Editor Miskodeed '15. Junior Prom Committee '15. Class Vice-Pres. '14. Class Sec. '13. "She has a heart with room for every joy."

WESLEY MUMBY. "Ted"

Adel. Track '14, '15. "Wisely and slowly, they stumble that run fast."

PIERCE ORMOND.

Adel. Socks-and-Buskins. Oratorical '14, '15. "Talk to him of Jacob's ladder and he would ask the number of steps."

JOSEPH OSTRANDER. "Joe"

Phil. "Work is my recreation."

MAE PANCAKE.

Phil. "Quiet and unassuming with the modesty of a spring anemone."

DORIS SHULTZ.

Adel. "She puzzles me as all great people do."

LEONARD SHULTZ.

Phil. "I always say what I think regardless of the consequences."

MARGARET STOCKBARGER.

Adel. "I'd as leaf not live as stand in awe of such a thing as myself."

LEON STINE.

Phil. "There's no one his equal in working."

HARDY STEBBINS. "Stebbie"

Adel. Athletic Editor Miskodeed '15. Track Captain '15. "He is much more esteemed than he imagines."

GRACE SPANGLER.

Adel. "She is a radiating focus of good will."

EDWIN SAWYER.

Phil. Base Ball '15. Track '14. "I am quite satisfied with the world."

ZENA VAN TILBURY.

Adel. "Some love wealth; others fame; but I adore my cook-book."

REX VAN TILBURY.

Phil. "A man of mark."

CHARLES VAN WNKLE.

Phil. Base Ball '15. "I never thrust my nose in other men's porridge."

LOGAN WOODWARD. "Wokup"

Adel. Business Mgr. Miskodeed '15. Class Treas. '13. "I know that I'm slow, but I'll get there some time."

MARGARET ZORNINGER.

Phil. "What if my words were meant for deeds."

M. STEARNS
SOPHOMORES

Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

President,	William McKnight
Vice-President,	Mildred White
Secretary,	Martha Neiswonger
Treasurer,	Wilbur Gartner

The History of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen

THE class of "1917" (that's us), was formed September 7, 1914. The first installment of us arrived the spring before, as a sort of vanguard. The upper classmen thought us rather green; but a surprise was due them. It came in the shape of the Freshman Party. Some were inclined to make fun of it, but we noticed they were very glad to receive an invitation. Afterwards it was pronounced a success by everybody.

In athletics, we did well for Freshmen. In the annual soccer tournament we gave the Sophomores a good fight, but owing to the fact that we were new to the game, we lost.

In the present school year, it being our Sophomore years, we have been rather dead along the line of entertainments and parties. We are going to try to make up for this, by making the Junior Prom., given in our next year, a record-breaking event.

We have been doing a good deal better in athletics this year, probably due to the efforts of William (Bill) McKnight. And it may be said right here, that when he graduates at the end of this semester, The class will sustain a serious loss. We were represented in basket-ball, and The Sophomore soccer team gave the Juniors a hard rub for the flag, but lost by a score of 4 to 2.

In a short time, we will be Juniors, and looking back on those carefree Sophomore days, The Freshmen have beginners troubles, the Juniors are getting ready for those weighty Senior responsibilities, and the Seniors have those weighty responsibilities, themselves, we should feel some regret that our Sophomore days are over.

Sophomore Class Roll

Ainlay, Gladys
Baldwin, Ella
Barber, Margaret
Brundiage, Harold
Barkay, Walter
Byam, Viola
Burkhart, Theresa
Booher, Opal
Bortner, Ermal
Burnett, Florence
Cocanouer, Mabel
Chrisman, Earl
DeCrane, Maurice
Eager, Mary
Engers, Charles
Fisher, Aline
Fite, John
Fahnstock, Esther
Gates, Ruth
Gartner, Wilbur
Hnenerkoph, Bernedette
Hunt, Arthur
Hass, Raymond
Holmes, Myrna
Jontz, Joseph
Kitteridge, Jaunita
Lambert, Viola
Lutes, Ruth
Miller, George
McIntosh, Wallace
McKnight, William
Meckelnburg, Robert
Neiswonger, Martha
Parrish, Roy
Rohleder, Ralph
Robbins, Rockford
Schwartz, Lillian
Stearns, Mary
Saltsgiver, Irene
Studley, Ellen
Shirk, Hurland
Snyder, Arthur
Stanley, Albert
Van Skyhawk, Hugh
Waidner, Mary
Willet, Maurine
White, Mildred
Williams, Roger
Zimmerman, Wilma

FRESHMEN

Class of '18

OFFICERS

President,	Milton Stubbs
Vice-President,	Mildred Todd
Secretary,	Claytina Ainlay
Treasurer,	Mary K. Knoblock
Sergeant-at-Arms,	Glen Adams

Colors: Yellow and Gold.
Flower: Chrysanthemum.

Freshmen

AFTER considerable confusion our class was organized in November. Its president as well as most of its officers were elected from the new "Freshies." There being enough of these to carry the vote in favor of one of their number. This was not customary and caused a disagreement.

Regardless of the feeling which seemed to exist between the two divisions of the class, it progressed in most of the ways "Freshies" are supposed to, namely annoy as well as aggrieve the teachers, furnish amusement for the upper-classmen and act as scapegoats for the same.

It must be acknowledged that what one of the upper-classmen said is true, when he said it was impossible to designate just where our class hailed from, and that freckles and sunburned complexions were a few of the most prominent characteristics. It will be well to hold in mind that it has a great future before it.

One of the notable features of the year occurred October 23, when the Freshmen gave a party, inviting the upper-classmen. Another important date was Jan. 19, when forty-three more "Freshies" were welcomed into their new places in accordance with certain customs of the school.

Some of our class have already made rapid progress in the Athletic field, and it is my earnest hope that our class will raise itself, mentally as well as physically, to a level where it can fill the vacated places of the Seniors with respect and honor to old M. H. S.

I will close this epistle with much respect and many thanks to our most learned teachers, who have dealt kindly with us, and exerted every known method to bring home to our minds some golden thought which will be used in our later life, and to whom we are much indebted.

Freshmen Class Roll

Claytina Ainlay
Ruth Chrisman
Mildred Annis
Ruby Battles
Ada Donovan
Hilda Disler
Gertrude Dooling
Emma Doty
Marjorie Folker
Elizabeth Fuller
Helen Vinson
Edith King
Mary Knoblock
Marie Kunce
Margaret Lindbloom
Carma Longstreet
Helen Lott
Clara Masters
Vaun McGrew
Marie Mead
Genieveive Mumby
Grace Miller
Adelaide McKindley
Ocie Nifong
Glen Adams
Paul Crooks
Paul Albert
Harold Ayers
Kent Bachtel
Charles Barnes
James Beard
Fred Beehler
Irvin Beehler
James Boles
Gerald Brubaker
Mildred Todd
Nile Bright
Harold Crum
Lowell Fry
Harold Fulmer
Eugene Futterkneck
Otto Futterkneck
Paul Fuson
Floyd Garvin
Clifford Harris
Harold Hartsteen
Louis Kreutz
Rollin Lentz
Ray Lootens
Harold Littlefield
Martha Niles
Ruth Watson
Mae Williams
Georgia Jaqua
Marion Kaylor
Carl Shoemaker
Milton Stubbs
Chancey Snyder
Dean Swinehart
Charles Waidner
Herbert Voelkert
Wallace McIntosh
George Miller
Glenn McMillan
Edgar Obenchain
Curtis Ormand
Michael Pahuski
Albert Roper
William Schmidt
Theodore Schnabel
John Roper

Freshies Class Roll

Mary Anderson
Donald Baker
Leland Brady
Olga Byam
Grace Clark
Marian Clark
Verna Garvin
Bertha Hunt
Winifred Keiser
Harry Mason
Raymond Munsie
Hilton Miller
Roy Parish
Francis Peters
William Renner
Harry Rosenstine
Lawrence Shirk
Harriet Strubbe
Allen Stanley
Carl Shaw
Ester Schmidt
William Schmidt
Ruth Hatfield
Clarence Harris
Mildred Sudlow
Marguerite Gygi
Harriet Miles
Ray Shoemaker
George Hose
Carl Beebe
Albert Jones
Edgar Wilder

IN MEMORIUM

Miss Effiie McCoun

Domestic Art Teacher

Born 1883 Died 1915

Mary Frances Crabill

Student

Born 1899 Died 1915

ALUMNI

1887

THE Alumni, in a sense, is the product of a machine. We of course, are not the whole thing because many more begin than finish. And then after we "finish" someone walks out on the stage with a big cane and a Prince Albert and tells us we have "only begun," that when we graduate we are only being "launched on the sea of life," etc. When we hear it how sorry we feel for him that he can't see us as we see ourselves! And then later, how our disillusionment sets in! And the disillusioning keeps up so long, that we feel it must soon come to a standstill for want of "fresh" material to work on. But finally one day we see it as the Prince Albert man saw it, and he has been on a pedestal ever since.

An Alumnus said to me the other day, "Isn't it too bad that knowledge and experience aren't cumulative throughout generations?" If a daughter began her life in knowledge and experience where her mother finished, and the mother had begun hers where *her* mother had finished, and so on, each person now living would thus be in possession of the accumulated result of the knowledge of all his ancestors.

But if this were the plan, we probably wouldn't succeed as well as under the old style, in which each little babe has to bump its own nose, and life is just a succession of experiences—some of them pretty rough.

It is the refining fire, and the good Lord knew it was necessary for each to go through his own "experiences." So the oldest Alumnus, other things being equal, knows best how little the youngest one really knows, and if any of you are not real sure, just come around to some of us old ones for some advice—we'll try to make you see it! But you won't! You must get the bumps yourself.

E. G. Eberhart, '87.

1904

IT is a pleasure to act as one of the spokesman for the alumni department of the Year Book. It gives us great satisfaction to have this opportunity of asserting our membership in the student-body of the High School. The resident members of the school are often inclined to think that they constitute the entire personnel of the school. We feel it our duty, however, to point out the fallacy of such a conception. The alumni are just as much a part of the real school as those who are about to be alumni. Indeed, in point of numbers, the graduate body of the school far exceeds the undergraduate enrollment. Numerically speaking, the greater part of the High School constituency is out in the world selling goods, rocking cradles, delving in science, or passing on the lore of the world to future generations. This group of men and women, former Mishawaka boys and girls, constitutes by far the greatest part of the High School, and their contribution to society constitutes the reason for the existence of the school.

When we look back over the careless days we spent on the campus, we are amazed at the depth of the impression which the school left upon us. In those days our most absorbing interests were far removed from the actual curriculum of the school. What cared we for the Fall of Troy when the Fall of the New Carlisle basket-ball team was of so much more moment? We marvelled at the interest Miss Welch could find in Cæsar's egotistical campaigns when a far more interesting campaign was on for the presidency of the class. The charms of Shakespearian lines were as nothing in our ears compared with the allurements of "Down in Dixie."

When we thus review, in dispassionate retrospect, our attitudes toward the scholastic activities of the High School, we are surprised that we emerged in possession of any kind of learning. Nevertheless, we found when facing the problems of life, that we had been quite well equipped: though our erudition was probably not secured as the diploma courteously puts it, "by diligently pursuing the course of study." We strongly suspect that our learning resulted from the fact that *we* were diligently pursued by our instructors. It surely ought to be a source of comfort to them to see the respectability that has come to some of us whom they sorrowfully regarded as almost hopeless. Therefore, when they see their present charges dawdling over their tasks, exerting almost super-human energy to evade the work of the curriculum, and resisting discipline with almost devilish cunning, they ought by no means to despair. In spite of seeming discouragements, real progress is being made. An unseen force is at work—that same leavening influence which moulded the preceding generations. This unseen force will take the most unpromising material and mould it into a type of citizenship that will be the bulwark of the nation, and will extend the influence of the Mishawaka High School in an ever-increasing circle of usefulness.

HARRY D. KITSON, '04.

Some of Our Alumni

Cora Ney, '84, Teacher of Penmanship in South Bend.
Willis Uline, '84, Major in U. S. Army.
Edwin B. Uline, '86, District Superintendent of New York City.
Jeannie Terry, '86, Director of Music in Mishawaka schools.
E. G. Eberhart, '87, Vice-President of Woolen Co.
Ralph Gaylor, Mayor of Mishawaka.
Ralph Jernegan, '97, Attorney in Mishawaka.
Dr. James Grimes Bostwick, '97, Specialist of Mishawaka.
Charles Frederick Morse, '99, head of Detroit Institute of Musical Art.
Dr. Stanley Reuben Perkins, '99.
Ralph Feig, '02, City Judge in Mishawaka.
Dr. Roy Barrow, '04, of Cairo, Ill.
Harry D. Kitson, '04, Dept. of Psychology, University of Chicago.
Frederick Bingham, '05, Lawyer in Mishawaka.
Dr. Borzilla M. Hutchinson, '05.
Jerry Service, Jr., '06, High School Professor in Stevens, Minn.
Duane Babcock, '06, Professor in Wooster, Ohio.
Violet Shy Parks, '06, Violinist in Mishawaka.
Charles W. Bingham, '06, Lawyer in Mishawaka.
Clarence Neusbaum, '09, Instructor in Chemistry, University of California.
Lucile Gernhart, '10, Teacher of Domestic Art in Mishawaka.
Marie Boles, '10, Teacher of Elocutin in South Bend Conservatory.
Earl V. Prahl, '11, Teacher of Music in Bush Temple Conservatory of Chicago.

Alumni in College

Harold Service, 09, Purdue.
George Service, '10, Wisconsin.
Alice Culp, '11, Hiram College, Ohio,
Onner Davis, '11, Wabash.
Bertille Hindelang, '12, Ypsilanti.
Clarence Culp, '12, Wabash.
Earl Huston, '12, Purdue.
Glenn Babcock, '12, Northwestern.
Helen McQuillen, '12, Northwestern.
Elmer Hawkins, '12, Hanover College.
Beatrice Woodward, '13, DePauw.
Elmer Moon, '13, Purdue.
George Goethals, '13, Wabash.
Warren Edwards, '13, Wabash.
Oswald Behse, '13, Wabash.
William Kiskadden, '13, Wabash.
Donald McCollum, '14, Purdue.
Dorothy Baker, '14, University of Missouri.
Lillie Boles, '14, Chicago Training School.

I hold no truer truth obtainable by man than comes of music.—Browning.

Musical History

This is the second year of work for the Music Department of our School, and this year a fuller outline has been covered. Beginning with Ancient Music we have traced the development through Early Church Music, Secular Schools, the Musical Renaissance, the Classical, Romantic and National Schools. Classes in Harmony have been conducted twice a week.

The Victrola has been used much in illustrating different compositions and several musicians of the city have kindly played for us from the different masters.

The Study of Musical History has broadened our thought of Musical Art by showing us the genius of musicians, past and present. Most of all it has taught us to appreciate intelligently the great music.

Orchestra

Our Orchestra is a new feature this year, organized at the beginning of the first semester. It has made splendid progress for so short a time, and we trust that it will continue its progress.

THE PERSONNEL ARE:

Violins—Margaret Barber
Benjamin Piser
Clarinets—Dempster Beatty
Raymond Hass
Cornet—Glen Adams
Trombone—Harold Gardner
Piano—Lyndell Martling
Drums—Harry Mason

Chorus

This has been a banner year for our chorus. There are one hundred members this year, the largest membership we have ever had. We have several times sung at morning exercises and at Lyceum, and we also had the pleasure of singing carols around the Municipal Christmas Tree. The Chorus was honored by being asked to take part in the program of the Northern Indiana Teachers' Association and we furnished two numbers on the first night of the convention, "Spring Revelries," by Horatio Parker and "The Soldier's Life," by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The success of the Chorus was due to the careful training of the Supervisor, Miss Terry.

SOCIETY

Society Calendar

OCTOBER 9TH

SUNRISE—THE JUBILEE

AFTER we had settled down as much as was possible, or expected, the question arose as to what excuse we could give to turn on the social light, Bohemianistically called, "The Midnight Sun," (which, however, was doomed to set at 10:30 P. M. promptly. And as at the time we were confronted with the question, also, concerning the sale of the Athletic Association season tickets, it was deemed feasible to unite the two using the former as an inducement to the latter. (Deep stuff!)

This sale was conducted much as heretofore—as a contest between the boys and girls to see which could get the higher percentage of sales and members with the party as a reward of virtue—or at least industry.

* * * * * (Lapse of time.)

The contest was run fairly (?) and the two rival sides tied at 100 per cent. But we had the party just the same—to reward everybody. And as the newspapers said the next day, "The Auditorium was very tastefully decorated. Refreshments were served." By which the general public might infer much or little. "Much" would come nearer the actual state of affairs.

Instead of being nice and lady-and-gentleman-like and having one's food brought to one, one had to amuse the general assembly before one could get anything to eat. One had one's choice of singing, dancing, reciting or guessing contests, for which amusing stunts one was entitled to so much food. The more one could do the more one got to eat; consequently some of us developed hitherto unsuspected talent. Without a doubt it was extremely funny to those not at the time participating, but it surely was ruinous to one's dignity. We'd rather go hungry.

The party, however, was an entire success and everybody had a perfectly (to quote Let) "supergodfloptious" time.

OCTOBER 23RD

"Tonight was the night," as our distinguished friend, William Shakespeare Jones says. The annual Freshman party was held in the High School Auditorium. Collegians would call it the "Frosh Prom." Let's mobilize and start something. The Freshman party is a highly estimable function originated and established by our class—1916—may she never be forgotten!

Arriving more or less tardily and guided upward by the rumble of noise overhead, we entered the auditorium. The first impression was one of surprise. Shaded by orange and black paper, the lights were discreetly dimmed throughout the hall. But it was awfully pretty to see all the girls in their light dresses in the soft glow of the lights.

We danced, naturally, and were refreshed at the proper time by the Freshies who were very excellent hosts and hostesses. In harmony with the black and orange shaded lights we were served with orange ice in which had been stuck small black cats. We don't know whether the cats were symbolic of Hallowe'en or the class spirit. We hope the former.

At the appointed hour we were politely but firmly "shooed" homeward volubly expressing our appreciation of the evening's entertainment.

NOVEMBER 20TH

Social Club

After having enticed us to depart from our hard-earned, long-hoarded two-bits, we were very cordially "invited" to attend Social Club. And, not having anything else to do, we went. Nothing unusual happened. We daneed, "them as could," and had refreshments consisting of pumpkin pie and cheese. If you were lucky you got both, but you were fortunate if you got either. However, everybody seemed to have a good time. Why else do we exist?

DECEMBER 10TH

Socks and Buskins Party

Having wondered for some time, possibly all of five minutes, why on earth we had a dramatic club we unanimously decided that it would serve as an excellent excuse for some kind of a party. An excuse being all that was needed a party was aeeordingly scheduled to be held in the "gym."

Shades of the Antaretic! but it was cold. So cold, in fact, that it took a half an hour of Three Deep to warm us up sufficiently to enable us to speak four conseeutive and understandable words. Not as yet being "insane with the humidity," Winkum was suggested and because of our excellent chaperonage only south side rules were used. Si said he never played anything but north side rules—too bad he had to be disappointed.

Having borrowed the victor from the music department and accumulated all the danee records available, dancing was next on the program. Some restless soul, however, decided that the auditorium was the one and only place to dance, so up we all went regardless of the eommittee's plans which were distinctly otherwise: and once there we refused to come down until we were told that it was time for refreshments.

Authorized by a position on the eommittee to an exclusive occupation of the dining room, Dot, Jo, Si and Bob monopolized said dining room and judging by the weird collection of noises emanating thenee we should judge that Bob was exhibiting his usual line of eomedy.

Filled to a proper degree, a motion for adjournment was in order and shortly the committee was left to the joyous dish-washing revelry which is the usual elimax to all High School festivities.

DECEMBER 15 TH

Social Club Again

As Christmas vacation approached, the ordinarily uneventful Social Club assumed a gala appearance and emerged from the event with the finances in a negative condition. But it was *some* party. *We,* the undersigned, were on the committee chairmaned by Miss Lockhart and assisted by Si, Adelaide, and Bill.

Si having been delegated to produce a Christmas tree spent one whole afternoon riding with Dot in search of one and then managed to have it conveniently misplaced. This unpreventable little piece of comedy which necessitated the purchase of a tree sadly depleted the treasury already in a most unstable condition.

The Christmas tree stunt was carried out much as heretofore with gifts for all good girls and boys. Tee-hee! Dempster, as Santa Claus made his usual hit, and everybody was happy.

However, the predominate feature from an artistic standpoint was the color-scheme. Elaborate to the nth degree and supervised by Miss Lockhart what else could you expect? From lights delicately shaded in red and green to the harmonizing red punch with red and green cherries, it was one delightful symphony. It was luscious punch, too; at seventy-five cents a gallon it ought to be. And if the punch was perhaps a shade or two lighter than it ought to have been blame it on the rose Miss Lockhart wore at the time of the purchase of the punch to which said punch was referred for color.

Everybody had a great time with the mechanical toys and behaved in a manner supposed to be frowned on by all High School students with the exception of the Freshies. At the end of the evening those who considered themselves too dignified and staid to use their toys were requested to leave them on the stage for distribution among the poor kiddies in the more unfortunate families that the High School cared for at Christmas time. I'm sure the kiddies enjoyed the toys greatly.

JANUARY 29TH

Dance After the LaPorte Game

As the Powers-That-Be were in a better-than-usual humor we were allowed to dance after the LaPorte game, regardless of the fact that the score was *not* in our favor. All those not afflicted with the mumps attended the dance and enjoyed themselves—at least to all appearances. We think that it would be an excellent idea to establish the custom of having dances after all the basket-ball games next year. How do you feel about it?

FEBRUARY 22ND

First Team Jollification

As a reward for beating South Bend, and in expression of our appreciation of their good work the Athletic Association entertained the members of the first team.

Knowing of old their more "energetic" methods of amusement the program of events was planned to suit their tastes. In honor of George Washington, as well as the team, the auditorium was decorated in red, white and blue streamers and flags.

Well, they all got there sooner or later, and after much coaxing, pleading, and finally, *shoving,* they were lined up to play Three Deep—our old standby. And say, you ought to see Mr. Horton cut corners! He's there like glue—a regular sticker! Most of the others needed skid chains and banked curves but not our principal—oh, no!

The rope for the tug of war was seized upon and used as a jumping rope and in about five minutes the decorations were a teetotal wreck. However, Lew proved his agility as a first-class rope-jumper and Jim Boles nearly ruined his reputation, as it were.

The baseball game aroused possibly two degrees more enthusiasm, though we're inclined to doubt it. Owing to the fact that the girls refused to remain wall-flowers any longer, winkum was suggested and one by one the reluctant by-standers were hauled into the noisy game.

When the call to refreshments came there was a wild stampede for the lower regions where abundant helpings of fruit salad, rolls and coffee were served. The team ate in the dining room in real style while the rest of us poor mortals "heaved" trays of food up three flights of stairs for a lap-lunch.

After supper we danced as long and as much as we could, which wasn't nearly long enough. (Deep Stuff!)

When the lights started to go out as a gentle reminder and they started to play "Home, Sweet Home," a chorus of groans went up in protest. From which we should judge that they really *did* have a good time after all.

March 11th
Moving Pictures

"C'mon, C'mon to th' Movies." Pathe's Weekly, our very first movies in High School. The imitations volunteered by the audience were most interesting, especially to the imitators.

MARCH 27th
Again Social Club

Attended by the usual crowd of couples and some widowers, Social Club entertained once more. The usual eats and dancing were nothing out of the ordinary. And everyone had a regular Social-Clubish time.

APRIL 21st
Orchestra Recital

Assisted by Mr. Parreant and some of his pupils the M. H. S. Orchestra gave its first public recital. A very pleasing program was given. There was quite a bit of competition for interest between the stage and the audience. The main disturbance being a rapid-fire, gatling-gun, gum chewer in the third row who simply convulsed the audience by her perfect rotary, ragtime motion.

JUNE 4th
Junior Prom.

After a slight conflict and division of the class it was decided that we have a reception until nine o'clock and then dance. We hope every one will have a perfectly lovely time and all he wants to eat and that the occasion will serve as a fitting conclusion to the 1914-1915 social season. Sunset.

DRAMATICS

Socks and Buskins Society

FOR several years the High School has felt the need of a dramatic society. But it was not until this year, under the able management of Miss Hockett and Miss Howe, that it was organized. On October 13, the following names appeared on the board:

Garfield Lovell	Floyd Fulmer	Emma Schmidt
Lester Lott	Helen Service	Josephine Ahara
Chester Bussert	Helen Lang	Dorothy Mix
Dorothy Noyes	Dempster Beatty	Martha Neiswonger
Harold Easterday	Harold Gardner	Freda Bash
D. J. Graham	Pierce Ormond	Mary Robinson

We were told to meet in Miss Howe's room after school. Miss Howe and Miss Hockett there unfolded the plan of a dramatic club and told us that we had been chosen as the charter members. We adopted a constitution, chose a name, and elected officers, as all properly organized clubs do.

Our officers are Garfield Lovell, president; Dorothy Noyes, vice-president; Lester Lott, secretary and treasurer; Chester Bussert, manager.

At the beginning of the second semester, we elected the following members to our club:

Margaret Barber	Lew Wallace	James Sweitzer
Oscar Peterson	Sylvia Folker	Miss Turner, honorary
Dema Leopold	Elbridge Studley	

Mr. Bob

ON February 16, the first Dramatic club play was given. Of course we were proud of it! Why shouldn't we be? In fact we didn't know there was so much talent in the High School which hadn't been brought out before. Lester Lott, who achieved success in the "Box of Monkeys" again won fame as Mr. Brown in this play. D. J. Graham, a natural actor (and dancer), played the part of the good-looking college fellow, Philip Royson. We couldn't have hoped for a better person to fill the part in any way. D. J. did it to perfection! Helen Service as Marion Bryant, the mistaken "Mr. Bob," was fine. She—oh, well, you know, she fell in love with Philip and it really was done beautifully—thanks to the coaching of Miss Hockett and Miss Howe. And we can still see her sailing that yacht, can we not? We can in our mind's eye, for Josephine explained it to us fully. Jo took the part of Katherine, "Mr. Bob's" friend, and was splendid, simply splendid. She hadn't shown us any of her talent since she was a Freshman and I fear some had nearly forgotten she was an actress, but it's fixed in our minds for good now. Dema, as Philip's aunt in whose home the scenes were laid was excellent. We'll give her a great big E for it! We'll admit that she wasn't our Dema because she had gray hair and was terribly worried but all the same it was done just as naturally as anything. And, too, her hobby was cats and we know that isn't true in real life at all because she has altogether too many beaux to bother with cats. Last but not least, are Emmy as the maid and Oscar as the butler. Their scenes from Romeo and Juliet were especially fine. We held our breath when Emmy sat on the step-ladder but she didn't fall.

The play only lasted an hour and a half, but every minute was thoroughly enjoyed.

Senior Vaudeville

ON January 21, the Seniors entertained us with a fine vaudeville. It was not only a dramatic success, but a financial one as well.

Alisle Rockoff is a sleight-of-hand performer, without a doubt. He can do anything with proper apparatus. Dempster Beatty and Harold Gardner gave us another of their laughable sketches. Lew Wallace, our noted female impersonator, performed a clever act with Eldbridge Studley. A chorus of High School students sang "Tipperary" as one of their numbers in which they appeared as Red Cross nurses and wounded soldiers. A school room scene with Garfield Lovell as the German schoolmaster, Dempster Beatty the village cut-up, Harold Gardner the Jew, and Fred Seifert the little angel child, teacher's pet, was very laughable.

Tommy Fuson and Sandy McTavish were the only outside performers. Tom sang a darkey song, and Mr. McTavish entertained us with a Scottish dance. The Seniors appreciated their kindness very much.

WOOD & STEEL TANKS

The Big "M" Circus

THE Big "M" Circus given by the Mishawaka High School, May 7, was a wonderful success. Manager Bussert with his troop of helpers deserves great praise. The parade was one of which Ringling himself need not have been ashamed.

The floats showed real work as well as artistic ability, especially the Junior Float, Civics, Peace, Music, Art and Sophomore.

A legion of about 300 enthusiastic students helped to make the affair one to be recorded on the pages of history.

The big show at night was held in the auditorium. Never before was there such a crowd in M. H. S.

The Motion Pictures, Shadow Play, and "The Saucy Miss Summers" act were well appreciated as shown by the frequent applause.

After the big performance the multitudes swarmed to the lower floors where they partook of hot weenies, peanuts, candy, red lemonade and ice cream cones.

The Katzinjammer Castle was a regular labyrinth with its numerous compartments, and the terrific electric shock which was felt at the exit gave heart failure to many.

Our array of efficient policemen kept the mob within the bounds of law and order and the court treasury abounded with fines from the arrest of persons found breaking laws. The offenders were found guilty, principally for picking pockets, flirting, being present and assulting an officer.

Our side shows were so numerous and good that the patrons were unwilling to leave, even at the "wee small hours" of the morning.

The laughing gallery afforded amusement to the stout people, especially, but some of the people were not so amused at their reflections.

We must not forget the "Knock the Nigger Babies" Show either; the audience consisted mostly of boys.

Every one joined in the circus spirit and had hilarious times. It is hoped that the facilities for handling a larger crowd will be increased next year so that the event will be even more successful.

BIG "M" CIRCUS DAY IS JOY TO STUDENTS

PARADE AT NOON WITNESSED BY THRONGS.

MANY ODD FEATURES

All Departments Exhibited on Floats—Clowns in Great Numbers Together With Rube Bands Interest Large Numbers of People.

A laughing gallery produced exactly what the term implies and here each patron had the opportunity of seeing himself in all sort of shapes and sizes. The style show was pleasing to the women patrons although men who visited the place beat a hasty retreat. The Katzenjammer jungle proved to be one of the attractive side shows and Durno, the wizard, did a land office business. Other forms of amusement were provided and everyone of the many hundred had plenty of opportunity for full-fledged enjoyment.

COMPLIMENTS PAID BIG "M" CIRCUS OFFICIALS

Miss Kate Kern and Chester Bussert Contributed to the Success of High School Entertainment.

Many pleasing compliments are being directed toward those who took part in the second annual Big "M" Circus, which was held by the student body of the Mishawaka High School. Much of the credit for its success is due to Miss Kate Kern, who with splendid executive ability directed the entire performance from beginning to end.

The following are names of the students composing the board of managers: Chester Bussert, manager; Elbridge Studley, finance; Fred Seifert, parade; Roy Neikart, eats; Dempster Beatty, advertising; George Eberhart, music; John Branstrator, clowns; George Byrkit, police; Helen Lang, souvenirs; D. J. Graham, main show; Lew Wallace, side shows; Earl Chrisman, barkers.

"M" CIRCUS PARADE ELABORATE AFFAIR

High School Pupils Hold Circus Day—Have Imposing Procession Through City—All the Features of Big Show.

Friday was circus day, and the city was filled with visitors who had come from far and near to see the street parade in connection with the second annual Big "M" Circus, given by the Mishawaka High School. It was billed as "Mishawaka's Greatest Attraction," and no one denies the veracity of the ambitious title. It was indeed great, and had all the features of the professional aggregation, including the lateness in getting away from the "grounds," pink lemonade, clowns, wild beasts of the jungle and the inevitable caliope which brought up the rear of the parade.

One of the big features of the circus was the main show, given in the auditorium of the building and which was packed to capacity, under the able direction of D. J. Graham. This show was in the nature of a vaudeville entertainment. Lew Wallace, the star of "The Saucy Miss Summers," must be given much credit for the success of the feature act of the main show, the sketch being written by himself several years ago.

THRONGS AMUSED BY BIG "M" CIRCUS

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS ARE SUCCESSFUL.

Mishawaka's Big "M" Circus shortly before midnight packed its tents and stored them away until next year, laying aside with the paraphernalia an achieved success outranging past efforts of the High School student body. In point of attendance the largest crowd witnessed the main show in the auditorium that has ever pressed itself into the spacious inclosure.

When the opening hour, 7:30, arrived, a throng of people was on hand to enter the building and gain the best possible seats and by 8 o'clock the S. R. O. sign was displayed. Not only was every seat occupied but every inch of standing room, as well, was taken.

LITERARY

"Fortune Smiles on Calamity Ann"

SIXTEEN cents, that the limit of my pile. Just the price of sinkers and Java. Sinkers for breakfast, sinkers for lunch, and sinkers for dinner! I've had so many that I am afraid to go to the beach, good swimmer that I am, for I am positive I could never keep afloat after eating those self *serve* doughnuts."

Peg Howard busied herself about the two-by-four flat she and her sister had occupied since the "Broadway Bells," a company with more talent than money, had broken up and left them stranded in this New England village.

"That is the limit," she continued. "Here I have a wire from McKnight, telling me to come at once to rehearse for the lead in "Everywoman." And me with sixteen cents in my grouch bag and Ann to take care of, and good old Broadway only seventeen dollars and nineteen cents worth of railway fare away."

Just then a series of crashes came from the hall below. *"Zounds!* that's Clamity Ann. She always makes a noise like a foot ball game when she navigates up those perilous stairs."

The door opened, and there was presented a picture that would have made Rembrandt turn green with envy. Framed by the bescratched woodwork of the door, with a background of entrancing wallpaper, put on during the Renaissance, judging from the many coats of grease upon its surface, stood Calamity Ann, a smear of mud on one cheek and a battered hat in her hand

"Goodness! I didn't hear the storm," exclaimed Peg, "what have you been doing?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Ann, "the nicest man knocked me down with his car. He was so nice that I told him that I wasn't hurt in the least. He is going to send a man around tonight to pay for my hat which only cost ninety-eight cents anyway. But I thought that if we could get five dollars it would help pay the rent."

"Pay the rent, indeed! there's no more putting off his majesty, the landlord."

Suddenly Peg sprang up, a crafty look mingled with one of good natured determination o'erspreading her countenance.

"Why, Ann, you know I paid fifty dollars for that hat and your leg is almost broken." This latter member of anatomy she began to wrap up in a rather besmudged white table cloth.. "And your poor head." This remark accompanied with a bath towel about the head of Ann, completely covering one of her eyes.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! dear, I didn't know I was so sick," cried Ann, "Oh! my poor head."

"Listen! here is the claim agent. Come in."

"Good evening, Miss, I am the claim agent for Mr. Paxton. I have five dollars to pay a young lady whose hat he bent in this afternoon."

"Well, what about her leg and her head? He bent those in also. It would take ten five dollar bills to pay for this Paris creation," she cried, holding up the remains of the ninety-eight cent hat.

"Well, I will give you ten."

"No."

"Then fifteen."

"Well, for how much will you settle?"

"That's more like it. (aside) Let me see, two times seventeen, fifty-nine is thirty-five eighteen. And . . . there there, little sister, don't moan we will soon have you in the hospital. . . . let me see thirty-five fifty-eight, and the rent due is fourteen that's forty-nine eighteen. Oh! yes, and a new hat fifty dollars, that makes ninety-nine eighteen, we'll just double that, one hundred ninety-eight thirty-six. (to agent). Let's call it two hundred as my poor sister will not be able to go back to work, and she had such a good position as cloak model at eighteen per." She looked at the agent. He in turn swore softly under his breath.

"Well, you've got me. Here's the check." He turned to go.

"Oh! but I beg your humble pardon, but you forgot to sign." Poor agent! She was too much for him, so he signed with the air of a martyr.

The door closed and his footsteps re-echoed down the stairs.

"Hurry, Calamity Ann, fortune has indeed smiled at last, dress quickly while I run and cash this: we leave for New York on the nine-ten tonight."

Lew B. Wallace.

The Fable of the Ford and the National

Once on a street a Ford stopped near a big National. As soon as the National recognized the Ford, he made fun of him.

"Look, who's here," cried the National in a jeering voice, "Look! Here's one of those road-pests."

The other automobiles laughed and made more fun of the Ford.

The Ford remained silent and was thinking how he could get even with the National. At last the Ford said, "I bet I could beat you in a race over any country road."

"Pooh! I wouldn't want to be seen with you," replied the National.

"Ho, you're afraid, eh?"

"No, I'm not, but I don't want to lose my self-respect by running around with you."

The other cars urged the National to try it, saying, "You'll leave him so far behind that he'll never get back till doomsday."

As soon as their masters came, they started off. Out over a country road they went. The national soon left the Ford far behind. They turned back to the city by a different road. When they were within two miles of the city, they struck a sandy spot. The National plowed halfway through it and then stopped. He couldn't back up or go ahead.

About fifteen minutes later the Ford came rattling along. The Ford hit the sand and went along without being retarded in the least.

"Good-bye dearie," cried the Ford, "and don't stay out too late; you might catch cold."

Half an hour later the Ford drove up to the starting place. He asked, "Have you seen anything of the big bluffer?"

"No," they answered, "where is he?"

"Oh! just stuck in the sand out there," and rolled merrily away.

Edgar Obenchain, '18.

Farmer Jones Catastrophe

NATHAN JONES was one of those mean, ornery old time farmers whose ways of farming were so old, that even Adam would refuse to recognize them. Thin, gaunt, slip-shod, and awkward, one of the best tobacco juice shots in the old Cronies club, he was a fine relic of the forgotten ages.

Now, if Jones was a century behind in his farming, his modern neighbors could surely get some good points from him about raising pumpkins. His year's crop rose in a golden pile against his barn, and he well might be proud of it. It was a cut and dried fact with him that the one hundred dollars in gold, given by the annual county fair for the best pumpkins, was his. To hear him talk, one would think that it was already in his pocket.

The day before the fair dawned clear, and Jones hitched up his horse, Nebuchadnezzar, whose age would have made Methusalah blush, to a nondescript wagon, which was doing service in the time of the Civil War, and proceeded to load up his pumpkins. After a good hour's work, about twenty of the largest and best pumpkins were lodged in the wagon, giving it a top-heavy appearance.

Finally he got under way and started down the road. After traveling some distance he met an old sailor, Tom Blarney, who had found anchor for the rest of his life, in Jones' neighborhood. The old sailor, noticing the nondescript and top-heavy appearance of the wagon, ventured to give some advice.

"A-hoy, mate!" he cried, "Don'tcha' think you're carryin' too much sail?"

"Keep your gab to yourself, you son-of-a-wind-jammer," snarled Jones, who took exquisite pleasure in being uncivil.

"That I will, Cap'," said Blarney, "and by the looks of the old hooker, you're goin' to run into some tough squalls before you reach port."

Jones growled a few unintelligible words, and moved on. Blarney gazed after him for a moment, then softly muttered, "Be-gorry, I'll cruise after the old pirate, and I'll bet a sea-biscuit against a plug of tobacco that he'll run afoul on old Crandale's Hill."

Now, Crandale's Hill was a very steep hill, about a mile distant, a regular jumping tearer to the farmers. Jones had never had an accident on this hill, due more to luck than skill, therefore he was a little careless about "stowing his cargo," as Blarney would say, before he began the ascent. About two-thirds of the way up, a big pumpkin broke loose. It started down the road like a streak of yellow lightning. Jones followed close after. After chasing it about one-fifth of a mile, the pumpkin swerved off the road, struck a tree, and enlightened the world as to what the interior of a pumpkin is made of. He slowly retraced his steps. When he was within one hundred yards of the wagon, another pumpkin slid off the wagon, and down the hill. Jones tackled it two seconds later. But alas, what the pumpkin did to Jones may be clearly pictured. He looked as if he had struck a cyclone, in which pumpkin pies featured mainly. But this wasn't all. A, third, four, and fifth, possessed of the imp of perverseness following his immediate predecessor, started down the incline at a rip-tearing pace. Farmer Jones made connection with all, but in every case received the worse end of the deal.

But as in directed action of the old adage, that troubles never come singly, the tail-board of the wagon fell out, letting the whole host of pumpkins stream down the road like a bunch of yellow Cossacks on a raid, turning aside for nobody or nothing. Jones was knocked down, rolled over, banged up, and had his face rammed six inches in the roadbed. When he at last arose, he was a sight to behold. One could not venture to determine the condition of his clothing, as he was covered from head to foot with the yellow flesh of the pumpkins. He sadly gazed down the pike at the remains of his pumpkins, which were strewn over the larger part of the road in a hopeless mass. He then turned towards his wagon, only to find, that it, too, had either from the joy of having been signally relieved of its heavy load or from the humiliation of having been deserted by its yellow crew, collapsed into a dead faint, never to rise again. The horse, Nebuchadnezzar, was calmly contemplating the scene, as if all was in a day's work.

By this time Blarney reached the scene of action and noticing the general lay of affairs, sadly shook his head and cried, "I say, Cap.' it looks as if you had run afoul a reef. Ripped the bottom clean off her. Be-gorry! didn't it? I thought you was earrin' too much sail, but you wouldn't take the advice of a well-meaning mate, and therefore you preached your own funeral."

"Shut up! You blasted Irishman, or I'll souse your face in the squash!" yelled Jones.

"Ho! Ho!" roared Blarney, "looks as if you didn't fall short in your share. Too bad that such fine pumpkins had to be wasted, not referring to that which lay in the road.

"Jumping jingos, man!" replied Jones, a little more civilly, "Don't you know those were my prize pumpkins?"

"That I did, Cap., but as I said before, you wouldn't listen to some good advice, and I reckon those hundred yellow boys will find a different port. The best thing you can do is to steer a straight course for your home dock, with the bony schooner," —pointing to Nebuchadnezzar—"in tow, and scrape some of those yellow barnacles off your sides."

"So here's to a safe voyage!" and Blarney passed on, leaving Jones staring vacantly first at Nebuchadnezzar, then the wagon, and finally the pumpkin-bestrewn road.

Wilbur Gartner, '17.

The Effect of Poe on a Rainy Day

When the spiteful grayish wet drop
  Beat against my window pane,
And the clouds above us threaten
  To glower and to rain:
I feel a sort of clammy sickening,
  Gnawing at my soul within,
A draggy dazed weakness,
  Eating 'neath my outer skin.

Lyndell Martling.

The Misdirected Letter

SHE did want to go to the Prom with Zooks, but it was scarcely the conventional thing to do to tell him so, and she knew that he never would ask her because of the horrid way she had treated him. Why, she hadn't answered the letter from him that she got over two weeks ago! So it looked as though she'd have to stay at home or else go with "Crip," and she hated him.

She thought and thought of some way that she could let Zooks know her wishes—accidentally, of course—but in all her plans it was so painfully evident that she was—well, just plain "fishing" for a bid, that she couldn't carry out any of them.

At last, baffled by the utter futility of the matter, she turned with a sigh and settled down to write her English theme. The subjects were easy, she thought, as she idly glanced down the list. Suddenly she noticed the title, "The Misdirected Letter." Well, why not? He'd never suspect her little plan, and she'd get to go to the Prom. With a quick gesture she swept the loose papers from her desk and selecting a fresh shee, she began her letter.

She was going to write to Diana, her chum, about the Prom, and then send the letter to Zooks.

She began her letter with an inane remark about the weather, and there she was stranded. How should she introduce the subject? It was certainly harder than she had thought. At last with a sigh of desperation she began to write; feverishly at times and then hesitantly as she puzzled over some obstinate phrase. After about three-quarters of an hour she paused, shook her numb fingers, and after a hasty reading slipped the letter into an envelope and addressed it. It seemed entirely satisfatory and she smiled mischievously as she put on the stamp.

The next day "Zooks" Dane, cruelly baptized, Montague Abercrombie, was sitting at the piano in the Beta Frat House idly playing ragtime with all the abandon of a Senior, when the mail man blew his whistle and shot the mail thru the slot in the door.

"Oh—h, Zookie, my love, haste and examine the mail and see if I am among those present," yelled Binks, from the head of the stairs. Binks always was the last one dressed and down stairs, and this morning was no exception.

"Don't get excited, my boy," drawled Zooks, "you'd have brain fever every time our friend, Cupid, blew his whistle, if you had any brains." And he slowly unwound his long legs from around the piano stool and rose to sort the mail.

"My darling chee-ild," retorted Binks, somewhat incoherently through the large Turkish towel he was using—"if it took one ounce of dynamite to blow out the brains of a lunatic asylum, the sight of a powder puff would ruin your fatal beauty forever."

No reply from Zooks who was sorting the mail somewhat feverishly as he had, so far, received no letter.

"Two for Angel from his fond parents; one for Dill from his girl cousin, the beloved; one, as usual, from Hanks—my how that girl does waste ink! Oh, Binks you're here O. K." he called.

Binks slid down the banisters, shoes in hand, grabbed the letter from Zooks' hand and disappeared into the so-called library to read it. Binks always went to the library to read his letters because, he explained, the atmophere was so uplifting.

"Ah." With a sigh of relief Zooks picked his letter from the pile, and dropping the rest on the table, sank into his pet chair to open it.

"Dearest Diane," he read. "What t—" and a puzzled frown crossed his forehead. It was Betty's writing and—yes, it was signed by Betty. She must have misdirected the letter. If so—Diane had *his* letter. Well, he wouldn't read it, 'cause he wouldn't want Diane to read his. He started to refold it. As he did so, one of the papers fluttered loose and floated airily to the floor. He stooped to pick it up and saw staring at him from the bottom of the page the words, "I do wish Zooks would—" and he stooped to snatch it from the floor. Then he remembered, The "Dearest Diane," and stopped. Still if Betty wished that Zooks would anything, that was precisely what Zooks wished also above anything else. But he would *not* read that letter and with a resoluteness of action he placed the letter in the envelope, resealed and re-directed it.

Oh, darn it all! Why shouldn't he find out what she wanted? He reached for the letter for the fiftieth time that morning, only to withdraw his hand at the memory of that "Dearest Diane."

At last maddened beyond further endurance, he dropped the letter into the mail box and went to his room to write to Betty.

Dear little Betty, always ready for a good time and always so companionable. And as he idly tapped his pen against the ink-well, a foolishly tender little smile curved his lips. The thought of Betty always caused that same little smile. Brought suddenly back to the consciousness by the realization that he was dripping ink all over himself and the paper, he reached for a clean sheet. As he did so, he noticed on his engagement calendar, "June 11th—Prom."

Of course! he'd almost forgotten. Wonder if Betty had a bid? Guess he'd ask her, and he wrote making his request; at the same time forgetting to mention the misdirected letter. Four days later he received her acceptance, but was somewhat puzzled by the formality of the note.

The night of the Prom as they were slowly walking home, Betty tucked her arm thru his and summoning up all her courage said, "Zooks, I've a 'fessuption' to make to you."

"Go ahead," he said as he smiled down at her.

"It's—it's awfully hard," she faltered, and then with a sudden burst of courage, "I misdirected that letter on purpose because I wanted to go with you." She was blushing vividly and vaguely wondering at her own audacity.

"Why—what letter?" asked Zooks stupidly.

"The one to Diane. Don't you remember?" surprised by this seeming lapse of memory.

"I never read that letter," said Zooks, "I just saw this much, 'I do wish Zooks would'—But I didn't read any more. Honestly. So this was what you wished Zooks would. Well, I certainly am glad you got your wish."

"Oh, stop please," she sobbed, the tension and strain of the confession breaking at last. "What a horrid silly person you must think I am—Oh, I should hate me if I were you," and she tried to draw her arm away.

"I surely don't, Betty. Please don't talk that way and feel so badly," he said tenderly. Sheltered by a friendly old oak tree Zooks very softly, and successfully induced her to think as he did.

DOROTHY LOUISE MIX, '16.

1915
ATHLETICS

Basket Ball 1914-1915

NOVEMBER the first brought out the candidates for the basket ball season of 1914-'15. Coach Hindelang had plenty of material from which he picked a team, that the M. H. S. students could be proud of, for they successfully represented the school along this line of athletic activities.

Using Captain Bussert, Studley, Seifert, and Kohler of last year's team as the main stays, and Branstrator, Lovell, McKnight, Burnett and Pelton from this year's squad, the team was one that worked for the honor of the school throughout the season and never was out of the race from the time it went into a game until the last minute of playing.

Many of these players will be graduated this year, but it is hoped that new material can be secured from the squad, that will endeavor to keep up the records set by the teams in the previous seasons.

Captain Bussert, better known as "Buzz," has been a leader of the team that the school can well be proud of. The guard work done by him was beyond criticism and it was very seldom that he did not secure a basket or two during the game.

Seifert, Cy, has been the point gatherer of the team for the season. Although not as big as most of his opponents he was the fastest shot on the team, and it was with great difficulty that a guard was able to keep anywhere near him.

Branstrator, Bran was what the coaches of several of the other schools called "the find of the season." There is no doubt about this for all the guard work done by him through the year was the best, and it was only through the hardest kind of work that a forward secured a basket when being guarded by him.

Lovell, Lovell. Fore a sure and accurate shot, Lovell could not be beat, playing the position of back forward, he was a constant score-maker for the Maroon and White.

Burnett, Jack, a big and strong player that not only filled up the position of center, when desired was as good a forward as could be secured. The good nature shown by him during the games was no better than the good playing he put forth for the honor of the school.

Kohler, Shorty, was the little giant of the team. The forward that caged the ball when being guarded by him had to do it in the quickest time possible, or lose the chance of securing a point.

Studley, Studley. Although the work done by him during last season was good he far surpassed it this season for as a center an all around Basket Ball player he was the best the school has had to represent them for many years.

McKnight, Bill was a player that showed up well in all the games he competed in. His spirit of sticking to the game until the last minute netted many baskets for the M. H. S.

Pelton, Harry was a guard that could be depended upon to put forth his utmost strength and ability for the team in every game. He was a strong, steady player that always did his best.

Schedule 1914-1915

December 4,	Michigan City at Mishawaka
December 11,	Nappanee at Mishawaka
December 18,	LaPorte at LaPorte
January 8,	Plymouth at Mishawaka
January 15,	Michigan City at Michigan City
January 22,	Elkhart at Elkhart
January 29,	LaPorte at Mishawaka
February 9,	South Bend at Mishawaka
February 12,	Nappanee at Nappanee
February 19,	Rochester at Rochester
February 26,	Elkhart at Mishawaka
March 3,	Plymouth at Plymouth
March 13,	South Bend at South Bend

MISHAWAKA 63 vs. MICHIGAN CITY 17
December 4, 1914

The season opened with a victory for the High School team, on the home floor. The Michigan City team was outplayed from the beginning and it was not long before victory was certain for the M. H. S. five. Cy secured seventeen field baskets, thus breaking the former record of 13, held by Eager of last year's team.

MISHAWAKA 13 vs. NAPPANEE 26
December 11, 1914

In the second contest of the season the down-staters were victorious over the High School five, winning the game by a score of 26 to 13. The game was hard fought from start to finish and at the end of the first half each team had a credit of ten points. However in the last half the opponents took the lead and held it to the end.

MISHAWAKA 23 vs. LA PORTE 45
December 18, 1914

The team was defeated in the game at LaPorte by a score of 23 to 45. The victorious five secured a lead in the early part of the game that could not be overcome by Mishawaka in the last half, although the M. H. S. lead in getting the most points in this part of the contest.

MISHAWAKA 34 vs. PLYMOUTH 8
January 8, 1915

The fast quintet secured another victory by defeating the Plymouth school team, 34 to 8. The guard work done by the Mishawaka players was the biggest factor in winning the game.

MICHIGAN CITY 53 vs. MISHAWAKA 19
January 15, 1915

In a one-sided game on the Michigan City floor the M. H. S. defeated the M. C. H. S. by the large count of 53 - 19. The game was easily won and the team work could not have been better.

MISHAWAKA 23 vs. ELKHART 33
January 22, 1915

Elkhart defeated Mishawaka on the former's floor for the first time in many years. The game was one of the best played this season and both teams deserve much credit for the work done.

MISHAWAKA 12 vs. LA PORTE 14
January 29, 1915

The Gold and Black team of LaPorte finally conquered Mishawaka on the latter's floor. The game was nobodys game until the very last minute, then LaPorte secured the final basket which gave them the large end of the count of 14 - 12.

MISHAWAKA 28 vs. SOUTH BEND 25
February 9, 1915

M. H. S. finally secured the long sought for victory over the South Bend High School. For the first time in many, many years Mishawaka defeated South Bend by the narrow margin of 28 to 25. It is still the opinion of the S. B. H. S. students that the M. H. S. must have had some unseen Mascot in the game.

MISHAWAKA 24 vs. NAPPANEE 26
February 12 1915

The team ended the first half of the game with a score of 13 - 4, Mishawaka's favor, but the opponents overcame this lead in the last half and secured one basket more, which made the final outcome N. H. S. 26, M. H. S. 24.

MISHAWAKA 23 vs. ROCHESTER 53
February 19, 1915

Rochester receives credit of being the fastest and strongest team Mishawaka has played this season. They won the game by a count of 53 - 23.

MISHAWAKA 20 vs. ELKHART 12
February 19, 1915

The High School Quintet went into the game with Elkhart with the determination to "even up" for the game they had lost earlier in the season, at Elkhart. This determination was a big factor for at the close of the game the score stood 20 - 12, in favor of the M. H. S.

MISHAWAKA 19 vs. PLYMOUTH 34
March 3, 1915

Plymouth defeated the Mishawaka team on the former's floor, the final score being as follows: P. H. S. 34, M. H. S. 19.

MISHAWAKA 23 vs. SOUTH BEND 38
March 13, 1915

South Bend defeated but did not conquer Mishawaka, in a matinee game on the South Bend floor. The Maroon and White team fought until the last minute but were unable to change the final outcome which was 38 to 23.

Wearers of the "M"

Freda Bash, - - - - - - Oratorical
Chester Bussert, - - - - - Basket Ball
Fred Seifert, - - - - - Basket Ball
Roy Kohler, - - - - Basket Ball
Jack Burnett, - - - - - Basket Ball
Garfield Lovell, - - Basket Ball and Oratorical
Elbridge Studley, - - - - - Basket Ball
John Branstrator, - - - - - Basket Ball
Hardy Stebbins, - - - - - Track

Leaders

THE leaders of the M. H. S. teams for this season are all worthy of their positions for each has won his monogram in the branch of athletics which he represents.

Chester Bussert took the basket ball team through a winning season and the spirit shown by him was always the very best.

Fred Seifert, the leader of the baseball team for the last two years is well able to lead the team for he is a player of much ability and a hard worker for the M. H. S.

Harry Stebbins, captain of the track team is a distance runner of ability having won his monogram in the Northern Indiana Track Meet, and has won points in several other meets.

Much credit must be given to Lew Wallace, our yell-master for the way the students supported the various teams this season for Lew was always ready to lead the school in encouraging the teams when entered in any contest.

BASE BALL

1914 - Baseball - 1915

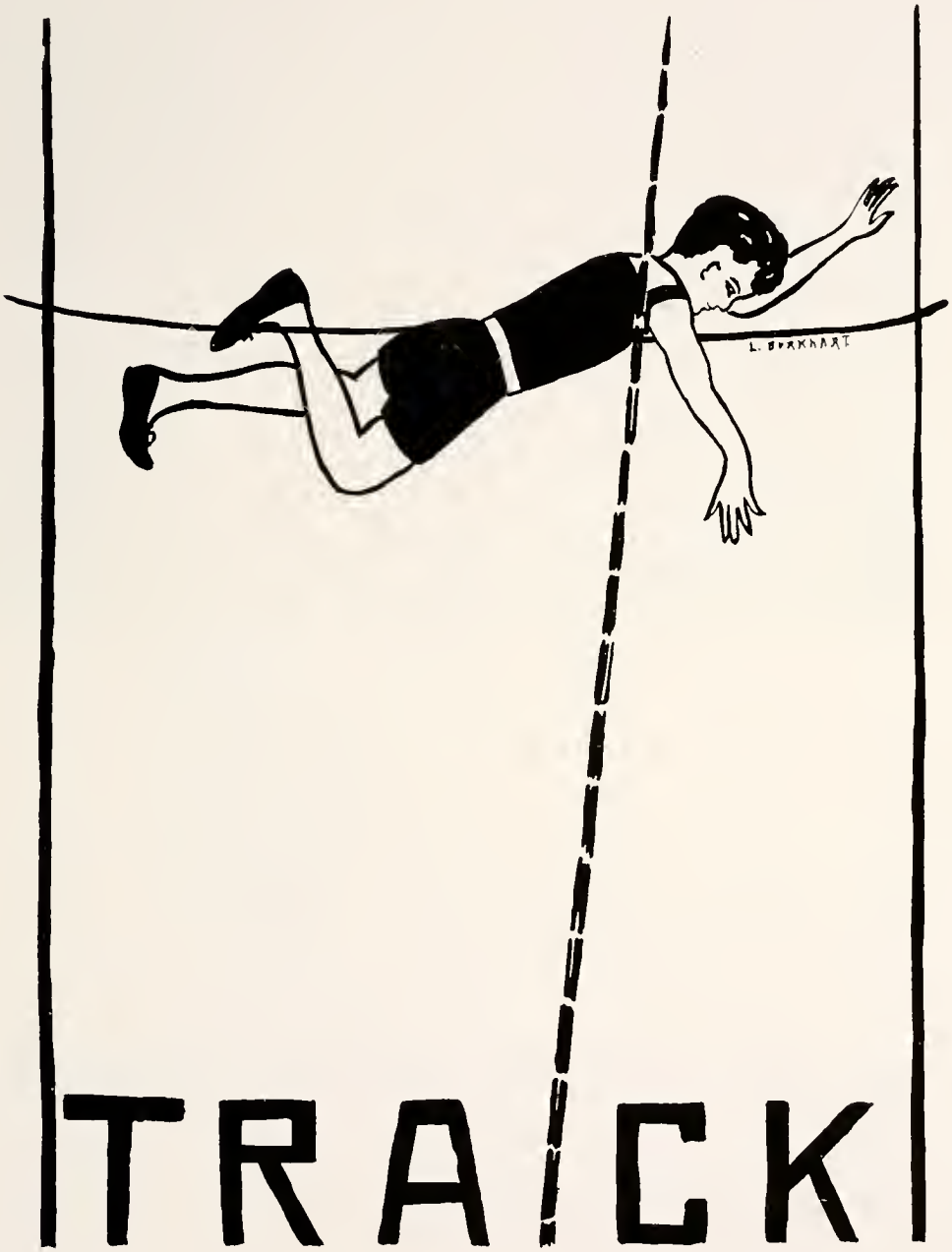
THE prospects for a winning team this season are unusually bright. Coaches Hindelang and Horton have picked a squad from which a fast hard hitting team should be developed.

With Captain Seifert at short this position will not need any further protection. Bussert holding down first, Easterday the keystone and McKnight at third, the bases are well taken care of. This gives the team a fast, accurate infield that has had experience on teams of previous seasons.

With Linsenmier in the pitcher's box and Berberick and Sawyer on the receiving staff the battery is one that should prove successful against all opponents.

Left field contains Kohler of last year's team, center Crooks and right field Roper, this combination will give the team as strong an outfield as could be desired.

Byrkit, Branstrator and Van Winkle are the utility men that will prove efficient at all times.


TRACK

Track 1914-1915

THE Track team is certain to be a success this spring for all of last year's men are back and many other promising candidates are also working for places on the squad.

Coach Davis is doing his utmost to develop a winning team and the prospects could not be better, for, Captain Stebbins, Emerson, Snyder, Graham and Mumby are all showing the same kind of track spirit that has helped them to win in the events of previous seasons.

The track schedule is well filled out for the spring meets and it is the hope of the students that the team will be able to win many honors for the M. H. S. in this line of athletics.

CALENDAR

Calendar for 1914-15

Sept. 8—School starts with many new and green looking faces.

" 10—Auto ride for the benefit of the Freshmen. "They had to walk."

" 11—Last initiating for Freshmen. "Time made good."

" 15—School starts in earnest. What do you mean earnest?

" 21—Adel. Literary Society meets. Officers elected. Plans for first lyceum.

" 22—Senior team defeat "3 class" team in base ball by 10 to 9. Oh, Seniors, you're some ball players.

" 23—A. A. meeting. Election of Officers. Contest started. My how the girls worked.

" 27—Foot ball voted down and Soccer to be played. Foot ball is too rough for our little lads.

Oct. 2—A. A. contest closes. Girls 100%, Boys 100%. Wonder who beat this time.

" 3—Junior hay rack ride. And we thot Juniors knew how to behave.

" 6—Officers elected for High School Paper. Some Staff.

" 9—A. A. Entertainment. Wasn't it a jolly party?

" 12—Name chosen for H. S. Paper "The Expositor." How appropriate the name.

" 15—H. S. Orchestra gives first numbers.

" 15—Election of Social Club Officers. Plans for first Social Club. George Byrkit from the chair. "This minutes will please come to meeting—— Wait a minute, George—"

" 19—Freshman-Sophomore Soccer game. Sophomores win 2 to 1. Bob was the most conspicuous Soph.

" 21—Junior-Senior game. Game called on account of darkness. Seniors were "all in."

" 23—Freshman party. Horton gives privilege of dancing the new dances.

" 24—H. S. Orchestra gives second program. Violin Quartette from A. B. H. S. Also gives a few numbers.
Our orchestra improves with every note.

" 25—First snow. Poor Freshmen.

" 27—Junior-Sophomore final Soccer game ends in victory for Juniors 4 to 2. And still another victory.

" 28—B. B. practice starts.

" 29 and 30—No school. Teachers' convention at Indianapolis. We don't care how often the teachers convene.

Nov. 3—B. B. squad picked.
" 4—B. B. schedule made out. Boys, that's a hard schedule; you will have to fight hard for M. H. S.
" 5—Teachers begin to think students religious for many bring Bibles to school but find out the reason is that Miss Howe has a lesson in it.
" 5—The Juniors are beginning with right spirit.
" 5—Staff elected for the Miskodeed for 1915.
" 6—Philosophian Lyceum.
" 9—Prof. Blosser, a renowned traveler talks on Mexico this A. M.
" 11—Dr. Van Winkel gives a talk on the "New and the Old."
" 13—Orchestra gives numbers for morning exercises. Miss Turner tells of hard times in Belgium. We can sympathize with the Belgians.
" 16—No school today. Visiting day. Hurray!
" 17—Rabbi Cronbach speaks on "Love and Tenderness to Dumb Animals."
" 18—First B. B. game ends in victory for M. H. S., playing S. B. Y. M. 64-3. Margaret: "Doesn't Jack look cute in his suit?"
" 19—Bob McKelenburg wears Joseph's coat of many colors to school this morning. We don't think the coat was on the right charaeter. Huh!
" 20—First social club. Did they dance till the wee small hours? No: 10:30.
" 20—Principals of Northern Indiana visit S. B. and M. H. S. today.
" 24—Motion picture machine purchased.
" 24—H. S. plays L. S. M. S. and wins 71 to 4.
" 25—Lyceum. Dempster Beatty makes fast mile in order to sing in quartette.
" 26 and 27—Thanksgiving vacation. For which we are all thankful.

Dec. 2—Double header with Y. M. C. A. First, 25 to 15, M. H. S. wins. Second—28 to 24, M. H. S. loses. Too bad.
" 3—C. E. Bradley gives talks on "Foods and Their Adulteration."
" 4—Mass meeting in gym. First schedule game with Michigan City. M. H. S. wins 63 to 17. Jim. "Oh! we always win from them."
" 8—Mr. Miller gives talk on "Needs of Commercial Education."
" 10—Prof. Parreant and accompanist give some numbers, namely, American Folk Songs.
" 10—Socks and Buskins have their party in the gym.
" 10—A lovely floor for dancing.
" 11—Game with Nappanee. M. H. S. 13, and Nappanee 26.
" 11—First edition of the Expositor Extra, Extra. Now don't make fun.
" 15—Plans made for Xmas for the poor of Mishawaka by M. H. S.
" 15—Social Club. Xmas tree makes fun for students and faculty.
" 18—Team goes to LaPorte and gets beaten 26 to 13.
" 18—Second team plays New Carlisle here and win 41 to 10.
" 18—Second edition of Expositor today. Mr. Horton: "That's a real paper."
" 18—Schools stops for two weeks. "Good-bye."
" 18—Christmas Number of the Expositor issued. Better luck next time.
" 22—Wabash College vs. Livingstons in Basket Ball. Wabash wins 24-26.

Jan. 4—School starts. Curses!
" 5—Many students have banks to play with. George Byrkit gives them out. We wonder how much is in them?
" 6—Horton gives talk on conduct in the halls. Poor subject for morning exercises, we say.
" 8—Game with Plymouth. We win 34 to 8. Some shouting.
" 12—Mr. Pinney talks on need of Industrial Training.
" 13—Dr. Feigler talks on Physical Efficiency.
" 14—Boxing Match in Gym. Nuner stopped it with one look.
" 16—Game with Michigan City. We win 53-19. Easy, one hand.
" 22—Game with Elkhart. We lose 32 to 23. Did you say ill luck?
" 25—Freshmen come into the High School. O! what a bunch. Incorrigible!
" 26—Horton gives talk on rules of nine hour period. More groans.
" 28—Quartette gives numbers for morning exercises.
" 29—Game with LaPorte. We lose 14 to 12. Too bad, boys.

Feb. 2—Rev. Minges gives talk on Human Indicators. Quartette give numbers.
" 3—M. H. S. Freshmen play S. B. Freshmen win 23-13. We can beat S. B., can't we?
" 5—Adelphosophian Lyceum. General bawling out for Freshmen.
" 9—Mishawaka beats South Bend in Basket Ball by score of 28 to 26. Snake dance until morning.
" 11—Alisle Rockhoff breaks arm in Gym. Alisle, you shouldn't be so awkward.
" 12—M. H. S. plays Nappanee and loses 26 to 25.
" 18—Philosophian Lyceum. Some literary program.
" 22—Horton demonstrates the moving picture machine. "Now students, don't expect to see Charles Chaplin."
" 25—First Team Jollification. Big time; great eats, good dancing.
" 26—Elkhart game. We win 20 to 12. Revenge is sweet.

Mar. 3—Plymouth wins in Basket Ball 34 to 19. More evil luck.
" 5—Adelphosophian Lyceum. Good number given by five boys. The talent in this school is wonderful.
" 9—Miss Mitchell from Kalamazoo gives impersonations.
" 11—First motion pictures enjoyed by all. Plans for Big "M" Circus.
" 13—M. H. S. plays South Bend and lose 38 to 22. Blank—Y—Y—!!!
" 15—Mr. Pierce talks for morning exercises. It is very evident all students do not appreciate a splendid lecture.
" 19—Philosophian lyceum. More talent.

" 23—Morning exercises by Miss Kern's class. New moving picture machine. First picture on "Swat the Fly."

" 27—Social Club. Big time for all. "Now Jack you must learn to dance."

April 1—Fire in auditorium. Spring vacation starts.

" 12—School in session again. Real serious work, now-honest.

" 13—Martha Niles here two days in succession.

" 13—First base ball practice. Hopes for a good team.

" 17—Base ball game with South Bend. We lose 24 to 0. Blasted hopes.

" 21—Prof. Horton gives talk for morning exercises. Well received.

" 21—Junior class meeting and decide to have combination reception and prom, and there wasn't even a fight.

" 23—Game with South Bend. Score almost a fight. S. B. 16. M. H. S. 13. Not so bad.

" 29—Final track practice. Stiff work.

May 1—Team goes to LaPorte. We win 18 points. Excitement runs high.

" 6—All students in line for big time tomorrow at circus.

" 7—Circus day here with all splendor and noise as well.

" 10—Circus this year considered bigger success than last year. Right in class with Ringlings. Truly a real circus.

" 15—All departments rushing students so as to finish text books. Plans made for Junior prom. Work! Work! Work!

" 18—Mister Miller in Commercial law. "Today I found a note on the floor but not the kind we use in our classes." Wonder what he meant?

" 21—Senior play greatly appreciated. No more school for Seniors. Such sobbing, groaning and wailing.

" 27—All plans completed for Commencement Exercises. The time drawing near.

" 30—Baccalaureate sermon. Methodist Memorial.

June 2—Commencement exercises today. It's here.

" 4—Junior Prom given. The grandest of the season.

The Villiage Jitney Bus

Under the shining street light,
The village jitney stands,
Instead of using rubber tires,
They've put on iron bands.
And for the headlights now they have
Two big tomato cans.

The paint is cracked and scarred and old.
The wind-shield broke in twain.
The holes in the top are very large
And let in the spring rain.
But the jitney runs and makes the dough
Though it has an awful name.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
The jitney bus doth run,
Although the wheels are nearly gone,
That car can sure go some,
Like Oldfield in a Blitzen Benz
You can hear his motor hum.

The bus still runs on Sunday,
To the ball ground it must go,
With engine running freely
And oil running low.
He soon must stop, his brow he'll mop
When the gas gives out also.

The jitney bus as you might guess
Is sure to be a Ford,
The car that every one can have
Much cheaper than his board.
If a jitney bus like this you run
Much money can you hoard.

Old Henry Ford sat on the porch
And this did say to us,
"I didn't raise my little Ford
To be a jitney bus."

George Eberhart, '16.

JOKES

AN EVERYDAY TRAGEDY

Helen dropped her eyes on the floor as Elbridge burst into the room. Her face lengethened rapidly and she finally pierced him with a glance. As his laugh rose and fell she dropped her jaw and her voice broke.

Sylvia to Laura—"Do you know the Irish sent the Belgians 2000 bushels of apples and the Belgians refused to take them?"

Laura (blankly)—"Why?"

Sylvia—"Because they said they were Northern spies."

OVERHEARD IN THE OFFICE

Mr. Horton to Chester—"Here, Chester, give this paper to Fred Siefert, if you can detach him from some girl long enough."

SUITABLE SONG TITLES

I Want to Go Back to Michigan.—Miss Lockhart.

Back, Back to Indiana.—Miss Turner.

Darling, I am Growing Old.—Miss Hockett.

Bride and Butterflies.—Mr. Davis.

When we're M-a-r-r-i-e-d—Mr. Horton.

Cecile.—Miss Howe.

Mary is a Grand Old Name—Miss Welch.

Circus Day.—Miss Kern.

Call me D-a-d-d-y.—Mr. Pinney.

That Old Girl of Mine.—Miss Gernhart.

A Rose Among the Thorns.—Miss Simpson.

I'm the Guy.—Mr. Miller.

Jim B. at the garden.

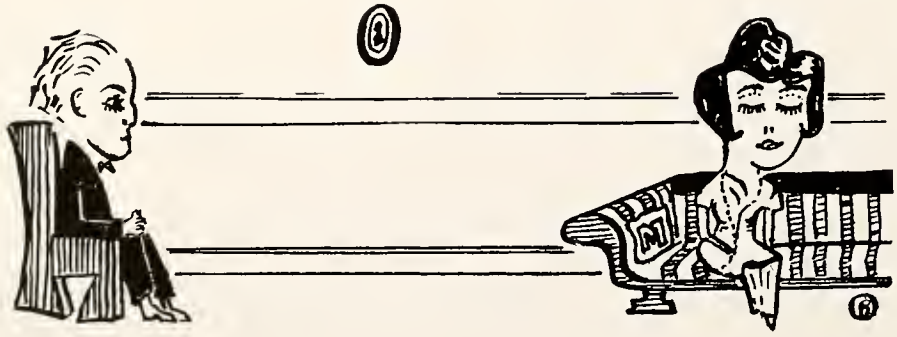
In the country school the children were in the habit of using "putten" for put. The teacher tried to teach them better and one day after a little boy had written a sentence on the board, she asked the children if they could find the mistake.

"Yes," answered a little boy.

"Where is it?" the teacher then questioned.

"Why," answered the boy, "he went and putten putten where he should have putten put."

Business is like baseball—the hits you made yesterday don't win today's game.



He—"You seem er-rather distant, tonight."

She—"Well, your chair isn't nailed to the floor."

Lovell in Europe.

Oh, why did Virgil ever live,
To students so much sorrow give;
How very nice it seems to me;
If he'd a died in infancy.

In Economies after Dema had been seen whispering to James Sweitzer.

Miss Turner—"Are you following, Dema?"

Dema—"No, Miss Turner."

Miss T.—"You had better follow me and not James."

Chester Bussert at a moving picture show: "I guess that's what I'll put on my exam papers, on one side, 'Thou shalt not kill,' and on the other 'Forgive and forget'."

Wilbur G. to Grace (showing her a picture of a girl kissing a man)—"Does this recall any sweet remembrances to you?"

Grace—"No, why should it?"

Roy Kohler—"Oh, you've missed half your life then."

Do you speak from experience, Roy?

STRANGE

Bob on Civics inspection: "I smell catnip; where's the cat?"

AT THE PRINCESS

Chester to George—"Say, I wonder how the primitive Indians shaved."

George—"Humph—didn't have any whiskers."

Miss Hockett in English class—"I never call on people that know. Read the next paragraph Myrtle."

Marie B.—"Say, what's the matter with Mr. Hindelang's eye?"

Miss L.—"Oh, last week I nearly had the chicken-pox, and now I'm exposed to the pink-eye."

Circulation Manager.

SENIORS—SOME SONGS AND THEIR AUTHORS

Elbridge S.: All the World Loves a Lover.

Florence S.: Your Snug Little Bug in a Rug I'll Be.

Chester B.: I'm hungry—for you.

Ruth S.: Something Seems Tinga Ling.

James C.: It's a long way to Mishawaka.

Dorothy N.: Take me to the Cabaret.

Helen S.: I'm Sighing Tonight for Oakland and You.

Floyd F.: Get Out and Get Under.

Helen L.: My Hero.

Floyd H.: I Want a Green Back.

Roy K.: O, My Love.

Let Lott: I Want to Linger.

Henriette L.: I Wonder What's the Matter With My Eyes.

Harry P.: You're Here and I'm Here.

Garfield L.: I Want to be a Vaudeville Actor.

Frieda B.: Esmeralda.

Ivan C.: My Country Lassie Come Back to Me.

John B.: He's a Rag Time Picker.

Eulalie M.. Sing Me to Sleep.

Alisle R.: One Wonderful Night.

Lew W.: I Love the Ladies.

William M.: I'm the Lonesomest Boy in Town.

Frieda H.: Love Me and the World is Mine.

Harold E.: When I Dream of Violets I'm Dreaming of You.

Lyndell M.: When I Was a Dreamer and You Were My Dream.

Clara B.: Auld Lang Syne.

Mary R.: Mary, you're a little bit old fashioned, but I love you just the same.

Laura D.: I Want to Go Back to the Farm.

Frances W.: Please Go Away and Let Me Sleep.

Roy N.: I Want a Girl.

George B.: I'll Get You.

Fred S.: A Little Love, a Little Kiss.

Dempster B.: Dr. Tinkle Tinker.

Sylvia F.: California and You.

Rosalie B.: I Want Some One to Love Me True.

Harold G.: Too Much Mustard.

A St. Paul Business man in an interview with a Swedish farmer with regard to politics:

"What do the farmers think about Wilson?"

"Oh, ay tank he bane all right."

"Well, how about Taft?"

"Ay tank he bane all right, too. He might do."

"Yes, yes, but what about Roosevelt?"

"Ay tank he bane a goot man, too. He maight make a goot president if he was elected."

"Yes, yes, but I mean, who's got the best show?"

"O, ho, Ringling Brothers, dey bane got de best show."

GYM GURGLINGS

"What do you mean, Bill held up for repairs?"

"Oh, just slipping on attire, that's all!"

SOME PEOPLE ENJOY THESE

Knicker—It's wonderful, but I had a deaf uncle who was arrested, and the judge gave him his hearing the next morning.

Bocker—That's nothing. I once had a blind aunt, who walked in a lumber yard and saw dust.

A gallon of gas and a pint of oil,
A piece of wire for a coil;
A chunk of tin and a ten foot board,
Put them together and you'll have a Ford.

Miss Kern—"What is the shape of the earth?"

Freshie—"Round."

Miss Kern—"How do you know it is round?"

Freshie—"All right then, it's square, I don't want to start any argument about it."

AT KAYLOR'S

M. T. S.—"I don't want a very large picture."

Mr. Kaylor—"All right, then, close your mouth."

Wilbur—"Say did you know that Davis got married?"

Merlin—"No, who'd he marry?"

Wilbur—"Why, a woman of course."

Patronize Miskodeed Advertisers

The Swing Worth While

Comfortable to sit in
like a bed to sleep in

No one would buy a piano, a book-case, a dining table which could be used only six months each year, nor is it reasonable to purchase an article like a porch swing on that basis when you can obtain a ***Dodge Combination Porch Swing and Davenport*** whose usefulness is not limited to time nor season.

The Dodge Swing is substantial and beautiful. Measuring full six feet, it is comfortable to sit in and like a bed to sleep in. Finished in Flemish Oak, it looks nice and is nice. The floor supports are made of the same material as the swing.

A Complete, Roomy Davenport

A swing for summer;
a davenport for winter.

Price for swing only, including ceiling pieces but without chains or floor support, $10.00

Price of four six-foot ceiling chains, $1.25

Price of floor support, when ordering swing, ... $2.50

10 per cent. discount for Cash with order.

Delivery free to any home in South Bend or Mishawaka, or free to any interurban station in Elkhart, Goshen, LaPorte and Niles.

Sold only direct from factory to you.

Dodge Sales & Engineering Company

Sales Division of Dodge Manufacturing Co.

Mishawaka, Indiana

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Si not talking to Dot or Joe?
Bob without a Violet?
Miss Hockett without curls?
Studley without a case?
L. L. without Service?
Beatrice without a Cook?
Bill without a Mil?
Earl C. without a grin?
Lois G. talking to a boy?
M. H. S. without the class of '16?

STRANGE

George B.: "Jim, this match won't light."

Jim—"That's funny, it lit a minute ago."

Mildred White in Industrial History—"Why, a shilling is English money isn't it?"

Mil, how could you make such a striking Sherlock Holmes discovery?

For a *Square Deal* on

General Hardware, Paints and all kinds of Sporting Goods, be sure and see us before you buy.

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We are Druggists, *"That's All"*

Mishawaka Pharmacy

Billiards Pocket Billiards

Eight Tables

"Ever see a Rheumatic, slope shouldered Billiard player or hear of a Bowler having Appendicitis?"

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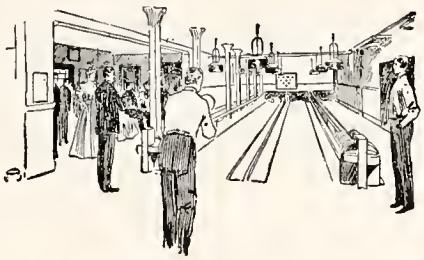
Exercise and Recreation for All



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123 N. Main St. Three Floors

Fred Major

Retail dealer in

Meats *and* Provisions

107 West Second Street
Mishawaka, Ind.

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Both Telephones
Retail Market, Mishawaka 75

A SOUTHERN ADVERTISEMENT

If all the cotton that Georgia produces in one year were made into one sheet, it would cover the entire face of America and lay over on the toes of Europe. If all the cattle she raised in one year were one cow, the beast could browse on the vegetation along the equator while her tail would switch icicles off the north pole.

Her milk would float a cargo of her butter and cheese down the Satilla and across the Atlantic to Liverpool.

If all the hogs she produces in one year were one hog, he could root the Panama canal at three roots and his grunt would shake the cocoanuts off the trees in the canal zone.

"Ain't that raisin' em some?" asked an old farmer.

Fred A. Ullmann Co.

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ED. V. PRICE

"Made to Measure"
Clothes

Finch Bros.

Livery

First-Class Turnouts
Best of Service

Promptness and Courtesy
Our Motto

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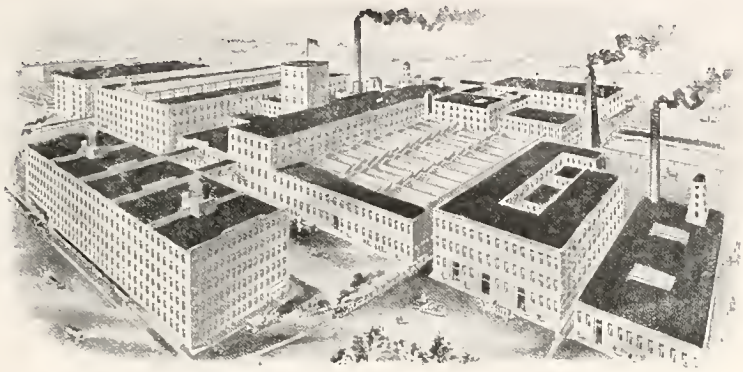

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Muslin Underwear
New Dress Goods and Silks, Laces & Embroideries
Fancy Linings
Ironclad and Cadet Hosiery
Munsing and Richelieu Underwear
Fashionable Footwear

Jim—"Were you arrested for speeding?"

Floyd—"I was."

Jim—"What did the judge say?"

Floyd—"Fine."

Miss Turner—"Why, Mr. Hindelang, you here? I thought you had the mumps. Oh—I beg your pardon, it's Miss Lockhart."

Miss Kern (planning a garden)—"I would like a bed of salivas in the center. John. Wouldn't that be nice?"

J. B.—"Yes, mum, if you have a border of spittonias."

Miss Turner—"The most important thing in Industrial History is—"

"That ball game this afternoon," broke in Jim.

THE ELECTRIC CITY ENGRAVING CO.

BUFFALO, N.Y.

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Red Cross Pharmacy

A *High Class* Prescription Pharmacy conducted upon scientific lines under the supervision of graduated pharmacists

The *Rexall* Store

Red Cross Pharmacy

BEIGER'S

Everything for the Home

"Going to the Junior Prom?"

"Sure, you?"

"Yep, got a dance?"

"Yep, what one do you want?"

"Watcha got?"

"Oh, how about the eleventh?"

"Taken; have you got the sixteenth open?"

"That's all right."

"Oh, by the way, who are you taking?"

"Me; I'm a stag. And you?"

"So 'm I."—Borrowed.

Senior—"What makes that horrid smell of rubber come from the corridor "

Junior—"Oh, that's just some Sophomore holding a Freshman's neck on the radiator."

AN UPLIFTING OCCUPATION

"Did you put the stamp on those letters?"

"No, I slipped them thru the slot, when the fellow wasn't looking."

Lives of great men all remind us.
We can make our lives sublime;
And by asking foolish questions,
Take up half the teachers' time.

Teacher—"George, tell me what abundance means."

George—"I never saw a bun dance, but I did see a cake walk."—Borrowed.

Miss T.—"Myrtle, what is meant by the pork barrel?"

M. C.—"Why, it means, oh it's something about pigs."

G. E. Motors
Heating Devices

Thor Washing and Ironing Machines

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Hoover Suction Sweepers

Brilliant Lamps

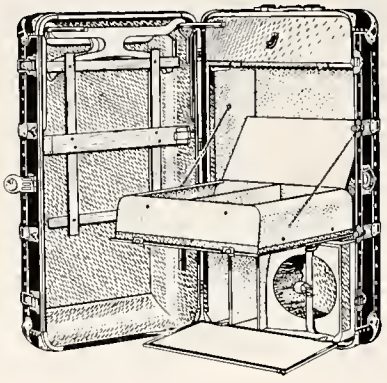
PREMIER Sleepers *for* Wide Awake Students

499

Metal Beds finished in Mahogany, Circassian, Walnut or Oak

Premier Bed Co.

Mishawaka, Ind.



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In this city of ours, many articles of world-wide fame are manufactured. The sun never sets on Mishawaka products. So every sale boosts Mishawaka just that much by spreading the tale of her fame.

INDESTRUCTO BAGGAGE has earned, and deservedly too, for itself an enviable reputation.

Discriminating persons prefer the distinctive style and appearance of an *INDESTRUCTO* trunk.

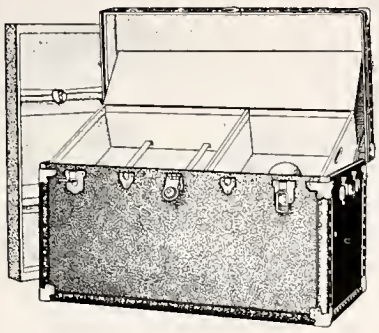
National Veneer

A Mishawaka

Made in

BUY INDESTRUCTO BAGGAGE

Mishawaka



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Phone 525
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Made to Order

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The Kaylor Studio

Kodak Finishing

116 Lincoln Way E.

Martling Seed Store

Seeds, bulbs, onion sets, poultry feeds, drinking fountains and supplies.

Both Phones

211 North Main Street

Ruth S. to Jim—Don't walk in the park alone, Jim."

Jim—"Why not?"

R. S.—"The squirrels might get you and I don't want them to."

Miss Welch—"One year I had a class that took the required amount of Caesar and Cicero together and every one is still living."

A RAGING INTERIOR

"I never saw such a man as you are. I really believe you hate yourself."

"Well, why shouldn't I? My mother is English and my father is German."

Bran—"What did you have to eat today?"

Buzz—"Nothing for breakfast, nothing for dinner and the same thing warmed up for supper."

Ruth Gates driving Floyd's machine—"What makes these gears jump so?"

Floyd—"I guess I didn't tighten the wind shield enough."

Ruth—"Aw, that isn't it."

LIGHTS OFT

A young ball player named Sigh;
Got under a very high fligh;
The horse hide lit, on the edge of his mit—
The beggar now wears a glass igh.

DIFFICULT

Little Robert—"Ma, was Robinson Crusoe an acrobat?"

Mother—"I don't know, why?"

L. R.—"Well, here it read that after he had finished his day's work he sat down on his chest."

"A friend is one who can tell you unpleasant truths about yourself but won't."

LARK'S *Laundry*

Send us your next bundle and see the beautiful work we are turning out since installing our *water softening Plant.* *122 N. MAIN STREET.*

Century *and* Princess Theatres

Mishawaka's Popular Play Houses showing only High-class *Vaudeville and Refined Picture Plays.*

JOHN D. BERSCHEIT, Owner
GEO. L. SEINGER, Manager
Home Phone 399

RUSSELL
The COAL Man

For *Best* Coal and Ice

Main and Front Sts.
Spring St. and Lake Shore

Safety, Convenience and Service

The Mishawaka Trust & Savings Co.

Mishawaka, Indiana

The name of this institution is a synonym for all that is clean, reliable and substantial in financial matters

The First and Oldest Bank in the city solicits your business

FOND MOTHER

"Bobbie, come here, I have something awfully nice to tell you."

Bobbie—"Aw, I don't care. I know what it is, big brother's home from college."

F. M.—"Why Bobbie, how could you guess?"

Bobbie—"My bank don't rattle any more."

SHEAR WIT

"Is this a high bred dog?"

"Yes, madam; he's a sky terrier."

"Isn't he just heavenly?"

"He's the star of our collection, madam, the dog star I might say."—Boston Transcript.

Miss Howe—"Well, I guess Jack's all right for Romeo, he doesn't take any interest in life."

"I saw your son in the city, Mr. B—-"

"Dew tell! How was he getting along?"

"He has a job shoveling dirt."

"Wa-al— that bears out what he writ me. He said a big firm made him an offer ter handle their real estate."

Shib—"Miss Turner, I read Muzzy's history today, but who's the author of that book, any way?

Father—"Robert, why is it that the little Brown boy who is so much younger than you, is ahead of you in school?"

Robert—"I dunno; I s'pose his folks is smarter than mine."—Stolen.

Go to friends for advice;
To Women for pity;
To strangers for charity;
To relatives for nothing.

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A woman entered a police station and asked the officer in charge to have the river dragged.

"My husband had been threatening for some time to drown himself," she explained, "and he's been missing now for two days."

"Anything peculiar about him by which he can be recognized?" asked the officer, preparing a description form.

For several moments the woman seemed to be searching her memory. Suddenly her face brightened. "Why, yes sir, he's deaf."

Jim Boles—"Miss Kern killed that cat yesterday and hasn't disinsected it yet."

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THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM

Two minutes after the exam—Aw, that was a cinch. I crashed that easy: right between the eyes.

(One day after exam)—Of course there were a couple of little things I didn't get quite right.

(Two days after the exam)—Say, I think I got two questions all wrong.

(Three days after the exam)—Pass it? I should say not! I flunked it cold.

—Yale Record.

Mother to Son—"What did you learn in school today?"

Freshie—"Two reels of English and one reel of history."

Miss Turner—"Name a great naval battle, Clifford."

C. H.—Why, the Battle of Waterloo."

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SURELY WOULD

"And when the prodigal son came home, what happened Jimmy?"

"His father ran to meet him and hurt himself."

"Why, where did you get that?"

"It said that the father ran and fell on his neck. I bet it would hurt you to fall on your neck."

AS WE THOUGHT

Two students walking together on the campus. First spoke to a co-ed.

Second—"Who was that?"

First—"Ida."

Second—"Ida who?"

First—"Ida know."

Miss T.—"What is the equator?"

Freshie—"It's where the earth irritates."

The drink called *New Mishawaka* that BURNIR'S are putting up is surely fine!

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Helen Lang, who was invited to a picnic supper at Studley's on being asked who else was invited, remarked: "Oh, it's just a family affair."

Margaret—"Does Dema use cold cream?"

Ruth—"Yes, she puts it on to keep the chaps away."

TIED TIGHT

Oozle (at the club)—"I say, did you see Guzzle last night? He came in with a terrible bundle."

Foozle—"Yes, I noticed he wore a rapt expression."

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FROM THE GERMAN

"Do you play chess?"

"Chess."

"Chess."

"Chess"

Mr. P.—"Had a little hard luck today, my landlady kicked me out because I was behind in my rent."

Mr. H.—"That's good luck."

Mr. P.—"How's that?"

Mr. H.—"I got the same thing, let's exchange places."

Mrs. H.—"I hear she has a chaperon."

Mrs. D.—"Oh, the poor darlint. 'Twas only last week she had a boil on her neck."

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MISHAWAKA, INDIANA

Teacher—"Willie, why were you absent from school?"

Willie—"Ma broke her arm."

Teacher—"But you were out two days, you shouldn't have had to stay out that long."

Willie—"Well, Ma broke her arm in two places."

Lew W. (Art class)—"I'll paint a tree with a squirrel in silhouette."

Miss L.—"Oh, let's paint something else, you always see a squirrel; let's make it a rabbit."

Lew—"Umph."

Miss L.—What's the matter, don't they climb trees?"

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